

THE LIVING AGE.

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A CONNACHT FOLK SONG.*

A hundred men think I am theirs when
with them I drink ale,
But their presence dies away from me,
and their high spirits fail,
When I think upon your converse kind
by meadow and by linn,
O form smother than the silk on the
mountains of O'Flynn!

And, Paddy, is it pain for you that I'm
wasting night and day?

And, Paddy, is it grief for you that I'll
soon be in the clay?

O first love of the winning mouth, my
treasure you'll abide

Till the narrow coffin closes me, and
the grass grows through my side!

The man that strains to mount the wall
we think him foolish still,

When to his hand is the easy ditch that
he can vault at will;

The rowan tree stands high and fair,
but its berries bitter grow,

While blackberries and raspberries are
on shrubs that blossom low!

Farewell, farewell, for ever to yon
town amongst the trees!

Farewell, the town that draws me on
mornings and on eves!

Ah! many's the dirty morass, and wet
the crooked road,

That henceforth go between me and
where my heart's bestowed!

And, Mary, ever virgin, where will I
turn my head?

I have no knowledge of his stacks, nor
where he reaps his bread!

Ah, faithful was the warning that my
kindred gave to me,

"The hundred twists are in his heart,
and the thousand tricks has he."

Padriac Colum.

The Nation.

* This is a rendering of "An Drinaun Donn," the most widely known of the Connacht love songs. Almost every Irish speaker in Connacht has some version of "An Drinaun Donn." The above is based on the text given by Dr. Douglas Hyde in his valuable collection, "The Love Songs of Connacht." It is in the measure of Irish folk song in English, and the peasant idiom and the peasant vocabulary have been used.

TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE.

True to myself am I, and false to all.
Fear, sorrow, love constrain us till
we die.

But when the lips betray the spirit's
cry,

The will, that should be sovereign, is a
thrall.

Therefore let terror slay me, ere I call
For aid of men. Let grief begrudge
a sigh.

"Are you afraid?" — "unhappy?"

"No!" The lie

About the shrinking truth stands like a
wall.

"And have you loved?" "No, never!"
All the while,

The heart within my flesh is turned
to stone.

Yea, none the less that I account it
vile,

The heart within my heart makes
speechless moan,

And when they see one face, one face
alone,

The stern eyes of the soul are moved
to smile.

Mary E. Coleridge.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

Where I have been there is no day,
Nor breeze, nor verdure; no waves
smite

A shell-enamelled beach, in play,
With downfalls of dishevelled light.

Vain visions fill this realm of night

With wine-fed lips and eyes of fire
That mock me. Hidden fingers
write

"These be thy dark soul's true desire."

And phantom beams this shadowy
realm

Illumine with a fitful glare,

Till waves of darkness overwhelm

And quench them, and those eyes
that stare,

And those perfervid lips. Then
pray'r

Uplifts my tortured soul in flight

And I am borne thro' heavenly air

Out of the night, out of the night.

Wilfrid C. Thorley.

The Saturday Review.

THOREAU IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

It is a little over fifty years since an obscure American writer recorded in his private journal that he had just received a wagon load of his unsaleable volumes from the publisher. "They are something more substantial than fame," he wrote, "as my back knows, which has borne them up two flights of stairs. My works are now piled up on one side of my chamber, half as high as my head, my *opera omnia*. This is authorship; these are the work of my brain. Nevertheless, in spite of this result, sitting beside the inert mass of my works, I take up my pen to-night with as much satisfaction as ever."

What would Thoreau have said, could he have been forewarned, on that evening, that within half-a-century the foremost of American publishing firms would be planning an edition of his works in twenty volumes; that an original copy of his rejected book, the *Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, would sell for ten guineas; and that scraps of his handwriting would fetch more than their weight in gold—for this is literally what has happened to the reputation of the "Yankee Diogenes" and the "Rural Humbug," as his contemporaries styled him? Of all the Concord group it is beginning to be seen that Thoreau, the least regarded in his lifetime, will live the longest in the end, by virtue of that rare, pungent, aboriginal flavor of his, which may attract or repel, according to the taste of the reader, but will in no wise suffer itself to be forgotten.

There lies before me, as I write, the new "Walden" edition of *Thoreau*—a truly astonishing monument to a name which has had to fight its way, year by year, against much obloquy and misapprehension, and with little else to aid it than its own quenchless vitality.

It is no empty phrase to say that the thanks of all students of Thoreau are owing to the publishers who have thus made due recognition of his genius; for this "Walden" edition, following upon the "Riverside" series of 1894, comes very little short of giving us the complete and definite *Thoreau*.¹ A few further gleanings there will doubtless be of hitherto unpublished poems, variations in the text, omitted passages and a few errors to be corrected, but for all practical purposes the complete works of the author of *Walden* have now been given to the world, and in a form which many a more fastidious classic might envy. I will not say that such an event marks the climax of Thoreau's fame, for I believe that in another half-century he will be still more highly appreciated; but it certainly marks the most important epoch in a great writer's acceptance—the point where he ceases to be classed with the *minora sidera* of his generation, and takes his proper place in the literary heavens.

The published writings fall naturally into two divisions, first, the six volumes of Works, already known to readers of Thoreau, and differing from those included in the earlier "Riverside" edition chiefly in a number of added letters and poems, and in the more convenient grouping of some of the miscellaneous essays; secondly, the much-talked-of Journal, now for the first time printed in *extenso* in fourteen volumes. The appearance of the Journal is, of course, the great feature of this "Walden" edition, and an event of capital importance to Thoreau students. When Thoreau died in 1862 he

¹ "The Writings of Henry David Thoreau," including the Journal of Thoreau, in twenty volumes, illustrated with one hundred photographs from nature. (Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., Boston and New York. The London agents are Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.)

left no fewer than thirty-nine volumes of closely-written diaries, containing the thoughts and meditations of a lifetime, the raw material from which his two published works, *The Week* and *Walden*, had been constructed, and which were designed to furnish the substance of several more. "We must have our libraries enlarged," so Lowell had remarked in his review of *The Week*, "if Mr. Thoreau intends to complete his autobiography on this scale." Yet soon after Thoreau's death there was some talk of printing the journals, but, owing to the hesitation of Sophia Thoreau, his surviving sister, the plan was not carried out, and the manuscripts lay hidden away until, some twenty years later, Mr. Harrison Blake edited portions of them in four volumes, in which selected passages from different years were grouped together under the heads of *Spring*, *Summer*, *Autumn*, and *Winter*, so as to give a connected picture of the seasons. I cannot think that the arrangement was a happy one; for the effect on the reader's mind of being jerked to and fro, from one year to another, in order to maintain a semblance of continuity in the seasons, was often a cause of annoyance, and for some time past it has been felt that this artificial structure must sooner or later be superseded by the publication of the Journals in full. Thanks to the promoters of the "*Walden*" *Thoreau*, and Mr. Bradford Torrey's editorship, this has now been done, and we have before us the actual record of Thoreau's thoughts—"the very pulse of the machine"—during the period of his active manhood.

Thoreau, of course, did not contemplate the printing of his Journals, either in selections, after Mr. Blake's pattern, or, as they now appear, complete—his method was to draw from them, as from a storehouse, in the making of his books, with careful revision and re-shaping of his original

thought—yet it is interesting to note that in one particular passage (January 27th and 28th, 1852) he gives by implication a sanction to the plan that has been followed.

"I do not know," he says, "but thoughts written down thus in a journal might be printed in the same form with greater advantage than if the related ones were brought together into separate essays. They are now allied to life, and are seen by the reader not to be far-fetched. It is more simple, less artful. Mere facts and names and dates communicate more than we suspect. . . . Perhaps I can never find so good a setting for my thoughts as I shall thus have taken them out of."

A comparison of the more rugged beauties of the Journal with the finished felicities of *Walden* or *Cape Cod* hardly bears out this theory; but there is undoubtedly a native and unstudied charm in the first impressions which is all their own; and to those who recognize how great a writer Thoreau is, there is much interest in being able to watch his mind at work in every form and phase. In one of the many suggestive notes with which these volumes abound, it is truly pointed out that, by collating certain original passages in the Journal with the revised passages as they appear in *The Week* or in *Walden*, the reader will find it instructive "to see the conditions under which the matter was first written, and observe the alterations made in adapting the particular to the general and giving the substance a more perfect literary form."

Next to the inclusion of the Journals, the chief distinction of the "*Walden*" *Thoreau* is its illustrations. Now it is evident that in no case are illustrations so important as in the works of a writer whose life is closely associated with one particular district; and how deeply Thoreau's affections were interwoven with the woods and

streams and fields of his beloved Concord is known to all—indeed, it has been said that “the village of Concord is his monument, covered with suitable inscriptions by himself.” For this reason it was especially to be desired that, before the face of the country was greatly changed, the scenes which Thoreau held so dear should be preserved in picture; and in this respect, no less than in the matter of his Journal, we have cause to be thankful, for in Mr. Herbert Gleason the ideal photographer for the purpose seems to have been found, who has made a careful study of Thoreau’s writings and identified most of the places described by him not only in the neighborhood of Concord but in his more distant excursions to the Merrimack River, the Maine Woods, and Cape Cod. Of the hundred excellent illustrations reproduced from these photographs, the best, perhaps, are those of the Maine Woods, but all have necessarily a very real interest for the lover of Thoreau, who now at last finds his favorite author enshrined in a worthy form.²

In face of this fact, this solid fact, that Thoreau is now a classic in twenty volumes, one cannot but smile at the apprehension still expressed, on this side of the Atlantic, as to the permanence of his fame. Here is Mr. Arthur Rickett, for instance, in his recent book, *The Vagabond in Literature*, gravely reminding us that “there is no denying that the trend of modern criticism has been against him,” and that the judgment of Lowell and Stevenson is “not to be lightly ignored.” Well, not lightly perhaps; but that it *is* being ignored is beyond doubt. If the trend of modern criticism were against

Thoreau (and this is not wholly the case), it would be the worse for modern criticism, for the gradual public recognition of a great writer pays but slight heed to such obstacles; but the truth is that in this country there has been little criticism of Thoreau worthy of the name, and still less serious study, on the critics’ part, of the considerable mass of Thoreau literature. Our literary folk have been mostly content to view him through that one very distorted pane in *My Study Windows*, and are unaware of Lowell’s earlier and far more appreciative essay, written before the two men had quarrelled, and Thoreau had wounded Lowell’s “self-consciousness,” as Emerson expressed it, beyond forgiveness; still less have they knowledge of the more important article contributed by John Weiss, a class-mate of Thoreau, to the *Christian Examiner* in 1865, perhaps the very best and most illuminative of such reminiscences. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that with the exception of *Walden*, the *Week*, and a few of the shorter essays, Thoreau’s works are unknown to English readers; witness the fact that to this day there is no English edition of his *Cape Cod*, a book which from every point of view is one of his masterpieces. Moreover, Thoreau has always been, and perhaps will always be, a cause of trouble to the “critics”—to those self-constituted advisers who, both in his lifetime and afterwards, have pointed out the errors of his ways. What else is the purport of that characteristic poem of his, “My Prayer,” in which, after his first petition that he may not disappoint *himself*, he makes supplication as follows:—

edition of “*Walden*” issued by Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin in two volumes in 1897. I may add that there is also a very charming edition of “*Cape Cod*” (1896), illustrated with marginal sketches in color by Amelia M. Watson. Altogether Thoreau has been fortunate to his artists.

² This essay, not reprinted among Lowell’s collected writings, was published in the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review* in 1849.

¹ It should in fairness be mentioned that Mr. Alfred W. Hosmer, who died at Concord three years ago, was a worthy predecessor of Mr. Gleason as a photographer of Thoreau’s haunts. Mr. Hosmer was a man who followed in Thoreau’s footsteps both literally and metaphorically, and was himself the best possible proof of the nobility of Thoreau’s influence. It was from his photographs that most of the illustrations were taken in the

And next in value, which Thy kindness
lends,
That I may greatly disappoint my
friends;
Howe'er they think or hope that it may
be,
They may not dream how Thou'st distinguished me.

Having regard to much that has been written about Thoreau's character and opinions, I think we may safely say that this portion of his Prayer has, as far as his literary censors are concerned, received very ample fulfilment. For the prevalent mistake which the critics have made concerning Thoreau has been the attempt to measure and classify and label him by some other standard than his own, "the complaint," as his friend Weiss expressed it, "that he was not somebody else." When, for example, Mr. Rickett, in his desire to portray Thoreau as one of his "Vagabonds in Literature," praises his intimacy with wild nature, but blames his tendency to "moralizing," he forgets that the author of *Walden*, whatever traits of vagabondage may be proved in him, was a good deal *more* than a "vagabond," unless, indeed, that word be used in a highly transcendental sense. Again, Mr. Watts-Dunton, in his Introduction to a recent edition of *Walden*, seems to be one of those friends who are disappointed in Thoreau; and certainly his own disquisition on "Thoreau and Children of the Open Air," must have caused some disappointment to all who believe that a preface to a good book should be as a setting to a gem, or as a frame to a picture—harmonious in tone, and subordinate to the subject of which it treats.⁴ Mr. Watts-Dunton complains sadly that Thoreau was "self-conscious," that he talked of "experience," was "touched

by the modern dry-rot of education," and was "guilty of the impertinence of symbolizing Nature." Was he then "a veritable Child of the Open Air"? The question is a rather futile one, since the answer must depend on how the terms are defined, and on that point there is no agreement. It is beyond question that Thoreau loved Nature as few men have done, else why did he spend the greater part of his life with her? It is equally certain that he was much more than a nature-lover pure and simple, such as George Borrow. Need we then repine that Thoreau was not Borrow, or that Borrow was not Thoreau? Is it not wiser to enjoy both of them for what they are worth? "A great deal of criticism," as Weiss remarked in his essay on Thoreau, "is inspired by inability to perceive the function and predestined quality of the man who passes in review. It only succeeds in explaining the difference between him and the critic. Such a decided fact as a man of genius is, ought to be gratefully accepted and interpreted." The sum of the matter is contained in Thoreau's own remark: "We are constantly invited to be what we are."

It was, of course, inevitable that so eccentric and uncompromising a nature as Thoreau's should be misunderstood by the majority of his kinsmen and acquaintances. What could the respectable folk of a New England village make of their strange townsman who described himself as follows?

I am a schoolmaster, a private tutor, a surveyor, a gardener, a farmer, a painter (I mean a house-painter), a carpenter, a mason, a day-laborer, a pencil-maker, a glass paper maker, a writer, and sometimes a poetaster. My present employment is to answer such orders as may be expected from so general an advertisement as the above. That is, if I think fit, which is not always the case, for I have found out a

⁴ *Per contra*, I would refer to Mr. Richard Whiteing's introduction to another of the now numerous "Waldens" as an almost perfect specimen of what a preface should be.

way to live without what is commonly called employment or industry, attractive or otherwise. Indeed, my steady employment, if such it can be called, is to keep myself at the top of my condition, and ready for whatever may turn up in heaven or on earth.

As we know him now, we see in this statement an admirable description of Thoreau's genius; but to his contemporaries, with a very few exceptions, it must have seemed to be a mere wilful aberration. We recall, for example, an occasion, recorded in the *Journal*, when Thoreau's father, that practical, unobtrusive old man, made protest against his son's waste of time, as he considered it, in making sugar in a neighboring maple-wood, when he could have obtained it more cheaply in Concord, and received for answer that this occupation, far from "taking him from his studies," *was* his study—he felt, after it, "as if he had been to a university." In like manner even Emerson complained that Thoreau, lacking ambition, "instead of engineering for all America, was the captain of a huckleberry party"; while Lowell, less sympathetic and less scrupulous, misrepresented the Walden episode as an attempt at "an entire independency of mankind." But such misapprehensions, inevitable once, are less pardonable now, after an interval of fifty years, during which time the fuller publication of Thoreau's works has corrected the earlier impressions of him, and has shown him in a clearer light to those who desire to understand him. We can see now that, as an original thinker and idealist, he *did* "engineer for all America," in a sense other than that which Emerson intended—that he built for his countrymen, and for us, a priceless viaduct of thought, to lead us on from the sophisms and falsities of a too complex civilization to a simpler and happier mode of living.

The process of this recognition of Thoreau has been a slow but sure one. As in the case of every great writer who has had a message to deliver, it was as artist that he first won unwilling homage from those who detested his creed. "With every exception," said Lowell, the most hostile of his critics, "there is no writing comparable with Thoreau's in kind that is comparable with it in degree. His range was narrow, but to be a master is to be a master. There are sentences of his as perfect as anything in the language, and thoughts as clearly crystallized."

This may stand as an expression of the best literary judgment on Thoreau for the past quarter-century; and in the wake of this frank appreciation of the stylist there has been growing up the slower but not less certain appreciation of the man. It has taken fifty years to do it, but we are at last beginning to get rid of certain false notions concerning Thoreau by which the minds of his readers have been obsessed—notably the stubborn conviction that he was a mere disciple and imitator of Emerson, whereas in fact, though deeply indebted to Emerson in his youth, his mature intellect was wholly independent and self-centred. Again, what was from the first grasped by the few is now being recognized by the many, that a live book such as *Walden* cannot have been written by a "skulker" (such was Stevenson's term), or by a misanthrope, or a "stoico-epicurean adiaphorist," as a Scotch professor, who so far forgot himself as to attempt to analyze Thoreau, has learnedly described him.⁵ The fiction of a selfish, indifferent, or even misanthropic Thoreau, so studiously cultivated by some of his critics, is shattered by a knowledge of the noble part which he played as an abolitionist—as the abolitionist who spoke the first pub-

⁵ Professor John Nichol, in his "American Literature" (1882).

lie word on behalf of the imprisoned John Brown at that supreme crisis. ("Was it Thoreau or Lowell," asks Wentworth Higginson, "who found a voice, before the curtain fell, after the first act of that drama, upon the scaffold of John Brown?") Nor can the fiction of a hard, stoical Thoreau, for which Emerson himself is largely responsible, inasmuch as it was by his too partial editing of the *Letters* and *Poems* that the excessive idea of Thoreau's "stoicism" was generated and fostered, survive a reading of the delightful *Familiar Letters*, first edited by Mr. F. B. Sanborn in 1894, and now reprinted with enlargement in the *Walden* edition, or of many human glimpses in the *Journal*.

Why is it, then, that Thoreau the thinker is still knocking at the gate where Thoreau the writer has been admitted? Plainly, because the message brought by him was in some respects a disturbing one, and unwelcome to the majority of those who heard it; because his philosophy makes too severe a demand on the consciences of his readers. For Thoreau is not a naturalist only, like White or Waterton, nor a simple child of nature like Borrow; but he is, as his friend and biographer, Channing, so aptly named him, a "poet-naturalist," one who sees nature through the medium of human aspirations. "Nature," says Thoreau, "must be viewed humanly to be viewed at all; that is, her scenes must be associated with humane affections." Nor is this inconsistent, as might at first be thought, with the belief elsewhere expressed by him that man is not the sole object of concern to nature and the universe; for it has to be remembered that the "human" element was regarded by Thoreau as a property not of mankind alone, but also of the lower races and of nature which is the parent of all. "Shall I not have intelligence with the earth?" he asks. "Am I not

partly leaves and vegetable mould myself?" The foxes appeared to him as "rudimental burrowing men, still standing on their defence, awaiting their transformation," and it was the human traits of the dog, the horse, and even of the wild moose of the Maine forests, that led him to the belief that there is a civilization going on among animals as among men.

It is curious that while it is made a fault in Thoreau that he attempted thus to "humanize" nature, the contrary charge is also levelled at him, that in his pre-occupation with the wild, he overlooked the interests of his fellow-men. Had he, indeed, left his fellow-men out of his books, and written only of the woodchucks or the snapping-turtles, it is conceivable that he might have even known what it is to be "popular," which he declared (but on insufficient personal experience) is "to go down perpendicularly." How greatly it retards the reputation of a nature-writer to be suspected of having designs on the intelligence of his readers may be seen from the parallel case of Richard Jefferies, who in his earlier period was a naturalist, a poet-naturalist in his later. Why was it that so essentially second-rate a book as Jefferies' "Gamekeeper at Home" was popular and successful, while the wonderful "Story of my Heart" had to be sold off at sixpence a copy? Simply because the "Story" was weighted with subversive "ideas," while the "Gamekeeper" was pleasantly devoid of any such perilous cargo. It is safe to say that had all Jefferies' works been on the same lines as his "Story," his name would be far less known than it is to-day. It was Thoreau's misfortune, or good fortune, that he did not, like Jefferies, publish any successful *juvenilia*, with style enough to attract, and without brain enough to repel, the taste of the "general reader"; else we might have seen

him, as we see Jefferies, surviving by the fame of his inferior works, and almost damned by his masterpieces. As it is, we have had to accept or reject Thoreau on the ground chosen by himself, and after fifty years of hesitation it would seem that we are deciding to accept him.

What, then, are the "ideas" for which Thoreau stands in American literature? It is difficult to express them in a word, for if we say "simplicity"—the word which perhaps most nearly comprehends his views—there is a danger that it will be taken, as it often is, to imply a mere simplification of living. "To what end," he asks in one of his letters, "do I lead a simple life at all? That I may teach others to simplify their lives, and so all our lives be *simplified* merely, like an algebraic formula? Or not, rather, that I may make use of the ground I have cleared, to live more worthily and profitably?" The intention of "prescribing rules" was expressly disavowed by him; it was not his wish to induce the luxuriously-minded to abandon their luxuries, but rather to spur the sluggish minds to think for themselves, and so to follow their own personal tastes instead of the traditional prejudice. Individuality of judgment lies at the very root of his simplification. His intensely alert and thrifty nature, barbed with keenest insight into the sophistries of custom, led him to the simple life (if we may still use that much-maligned term) of which he was the chief modern exponent—a very different life, be it observed, from the fashionable easy-going "simplicity" which a popular writer has commended as "a state of mind," and as demanding "no external characteristics." * In Thoreau's creed, the natural life is to be *lived* as well as eulogized; and, as it is here that he comes to grips with conventional habit as no other writer has

done, it is not surprising that on this point he has been most persistently misapprehended.

"It is a very shallow view," says Lowell, "that affirms trees and rocks to be healthy, and cannot see that men in communities are just as true to the laws of their organization." But what Thoreau condemned was not, of course, the mere congregating of men in communities, but the diseases, mental and physical, that result therefrom; his real object was to restore a just balance between the exaggerated claims of society and the neglected claims of nature. "Living much out of doors," he says, "will no doubt produce a certain roughness of character, as staying in the house, on the other hand, may produce a softness and smoothness, not to say thinness, of skin, accompanied by an increased sensibility to certain impressions. *No doubt it is a nice matter to proportion rightly the thick and thin skin.*" These are hardly the words of the bigoted advocate of savagery which Thoreau's critics would represent him.

To dwell upon the sincerity of Thoreau might be deemed an impertinence, for this quality, to those who sympathize with him, is written unmistakably on his every page; yet even so genial a writer as Mr. A. C. Benson has lately referred to him as the most conspicuous instance in literature of the desire "to stimulate the curiosity of others." As Lowell, regarding Thoreau through his *Study Windows*, saw but a misguided fanatic, so Mr. Benson, gazing westward from *A College Window*, sees in him "a rugged, sun-browned, slovenly, solemn person," who was for ever looking at himself in the glass and describing to others what he saw there. The moral would seem to be: Let the critics cease to view Thoreau through study windows or college windows; but leaving their academic prejudices behind, let them go

* "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.

forth and read him in the open air where his own thoughts were ripened and recorded; and then, perhaps, they will find in him, as it is said that some of his contemporaries did, "the man they were in search of, the man of men, who could tell them all they should do." For, after all, the final test in Thoreau's case is that of character. When we remember the wonderful strength of the impression left by his personality on those who knew him most closely—on such friends as Emerson, Alcott, Channing, Ricketson, Blake, Higginson, and Sanborn—there is surely much significance in this entire agreement of many diverse witnesses, each of whom pays independent homage to his nobility. He had a rare magnetism which could influence not only those around him, but a later generation of readers, among whom a common love for Thoreau has often become a link of personal friendship (as the present writer has reason to remember with gratitude) between lives that were otherwise far apart. It was he who, more than any other modern thinker, realized in his own person the truth of Sir Henry Wotton's lines:

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

We are too apt, I think, in tracing an author's reputation, to look only at the literary landmarks, and to single out the chief criticisms, favorable or adverse, as having made or marred a career. In Thoreau's case, while it is true that the least friendly of his reviewers, having the ear of the public, were able to give fuller currency to the gross misunderstanding of him, and perhaps to make it seem even more widespread than it was, there have also been from the first a number of thoughtful quiet readers, often men of

lowly rank and themselves workers with their hands, to whom the author of *Walden* has been a reality, not a mere subject of debate; and the sure instinct of such people is in the long run a truer guide and a more powerful influence than any critical verdict. In so far as genius can be aided from without, it is in the main by admirers such as these that Thoreau's fame has been secured. There are instances on record of working-men who have found in his books a revelation, and of humble students who have been affected by the story of his death as by a great personal grief; and, to my mind, it is in this power of getting at the hearts of his readers that the supreme proof of Thoreau's greatness is to be sought.

A few years ago, for example, there was printed in Detroit a little volume named *Pertaining to Thoreau*, a collection of some of the less accessible contemporary notices of his works, and the type of this little book was set up, after business hours, by a working printer, who had conceived the idea of thus rendering a service to Thoreau's memory. No fitter or more perfect tribute could have been devised; and who that understands Thoreau will doubt that he, above all men, would have treasured it? Such an incident reminds us of a passage in his *Journal*, in which, perhaps, more than elsewhere, the deep tenderness which underlay his rugged exterior is revealed. "My greatest skill," he wrote, "has been to want but little. For joy I could embrace the earth. I shall delight to be buried in it. And then I think of those amongst men who will know that I love them, though I tell them not."

To miss this undertone in Thoreau is to miss the chief clue to his subtle and elusive temperament; and many of his critics have missed it. I have been told that when his friend, Ellery Channing, who outlived him by forty years, was asked in his old age if he had read

some fretful criticism of Thoreau, he replied shortly: "I *knew* him." And such, in substance, must always be our answer to those who misinterpret the *The Fortnightly Review*.

message, and belittle the genius of this great prophet of Simplicity. We know him.

Henry S. Salt.

JOHN DELANE.*

If, in the middle days of the last century, you had seen the figure of a certain tall young man, ruddy of complexion and powerful of build, you might have foretold a dozen successful careers for him, as squire, lawyer, or man of business, but perhaps you would not have fitted him at once with his indubitable calling. That spark of genius, for surely it was not less, flashed in the brain of John Walter, proprietor of the "Times," when he saw the second son of a neighbor of his in the country riding to hounds or conducting a successful election on his behalf. John Thadeus Delane went to Oxford and distinguished himself there rather as a bold rider—"Mr. Delane is part and parcel of his horse," wrote his tutor—a tennis-player, or a boxer (for the hot Irish blood in him would rise) than as a nice scholar or a mathematician. His letters to his friend George Dasent show him something of a Philistine, with a command of vigorous and wholesome English, lending itself happily to such casual remarks as those he had to make about his studies and his sports. He did not know, for instance, "how I am to cram a sufficient store of divinity into my head. As the premises will only be occupied a short time with the last-named commodity, the trouble of storing it should be slight. [I must] try to secure a patent safety vehicle. . . . This is a most glorious country—capital people, excellent horses, prime feeding, and very fair shooting." Such is

the slang of the 'forties, which, with its comfortable lapse from the dignity of contemporary prose, reveals a young man lazily conscious of his power, with a capacity for shooting words straight if need be, and for distorting them at will, which is the despair of lady novelists who seek to reproduce it.

Directly he had taken his degree, in 1840, he went to Printing-house Square, and was occupied with various duties about the paper. Little is said of their nature, or of the way in which he discharged them, for he had now entered that unnamed world which is crowded but unchecked; there are duties which belong to no profession, nor are the limits of work bounded so long as the brain urges on. He made himself familiar with the House of Commons, we are told, "summarizing the remarks of the principal speakers." We must imagine how swiftly he took the measure of the world around him, gauging silently the capacity of his machine for reporting and perhaps for directing the turmoil. A year later, at any rate, when Mr. Barnes, the editor, died, Mr. Walter had no hesitation in choosing "the youngest member of all the staff," whose age was then twenty-three, to succeed him. Sense and industry and ability were his, but the easy margin of strength, as of a loosely fitting coat, which may be detected in his Oxford letters, marked him, to a discriminating eye, as the man who would put forth greater power than he had yet shown, with a competent tool in his hand, or would so weld himself to his instrument that their joint stroke would be

* "The Life and Letters of John Thadeus Delane." By Arthur Irwin Dasent.

irresistible. But it is one of the mysteries that tempt us and baffle us in this biography that the transition is almost unmarked. We hear Mr. Delane exclaim once, in "tremendous spirits," "By Jove, John, . . . I am editor of the 'Times,'" but in future the editor and the "Times" are one, as in the old days the undergraduate was part of his horse. What the condition of the paper was when he came to it, or what private estimate he had formed of its scope, we are not told. But as all agree that the age of Delane was the great age, and that the paper grew with its editor, we may believe that he undertook the task without articulate reflection, conscious of a power within him that would soon fill all the space permitted it. "What I dislike about you young men of the present day is that you all shrink from responsibility," he was wont to laugh, when people wondered.

Much of the paper's industry as chronicler and reporter and simple publisher was merely that of a gigantic natural force, sucking in and casting forth again its daily cloud of print impartially; and the editor was lost in its shade. But almost at once the brain of the monster, which expressed itself daily in the four leading articles, was given cause to show its quality. There was a "Ministerial crisis" and Delane had not only to anticipate the rest of the world in publishing the news, but to express an opinion. No study, were there material for it, could be more fascinating than the analysis of such an opinion. Hawthorne himself might have found scope for all his imagination, all his love of darkness and mystery, in tracing it from its first secret whisper to its final reverberation over the entire land. A great Minister sends for the editor to his private room, and speaks to him; a note from some one who has picked up a word at Court is left on him; instantly, with an

audacity that may land him in disaster, he fits the parts together, and instructs his leader-writer to embody them in a column of English prose; to-morrow a voice speaks with authority in Court and market and Council Chamber. But whose voice is it? It is not the voice of Mr. Delane, the urbane gentleman who rides along Fleet Street on his cob, nor is it the voice of Dr. Woodham, the learned Fellow of Jesus. It has the authority of Government and the sting of independence; Downing Street trembles at it and the people of England give ear to it, for such is the voice of the "Times."

It is easy to submit to the fascination of the idea, and to conceive a monster in Printing-house Square without personality but with an infallible knowledge of persons, ruthless as a machine and subtle as a single brain. And there are facts in this book which seem to justify the most extravagant statement that we can make. There is, of course, the romantic story of the "Times" and the repeal of the Corn Laws; we read also how Louis Philippe and Guizot thought it worth their while to impede the paper's correspondence; how the Czar heard of the Ultimatum of 1854 through the "Times" and not through the Foreign Office; how it was objected in the House of Lords that Cabinet secrets were made public, and the "Times" answered, "We are satisfied that it was useful to the public and to Europe"; how the "Times" foretold the Indian Mutiny, and was the first to reveal the state of the army in the Crimea; how the "Times" was foremost with the Queen's Speech and with texts and resignations innumerable; making Ministries, deciding policies, exalting statesmen, and casting them down. The list might be lengthened, but surely without avail; for already there is some risk lest we grow beyond our strength and forget, what these volumes should recall, the character, the

individual will, directing this giant force and placing its blows in such tender quarters. His contemporaries certainly did not forget, for it was the independence of the paper that was chiefly valuable, or dangerous, as fortune chanced, and the spirit that preserved it from the blunt blow and shapeless mass of a machine was of course the spirit of Mr. Delane. Together with these triumphs of organization we read of other triumphs that are no less remarkable. Prime Ministers and Secretaries of State lay aside (with relief one guesses) their impassive public countenance, and entrust Mr. Delane not only with State secrets, but with private prejudices of their own. Here was one with greater knowledge than the best instructed of Ministers, with whom no secrecy availed, who was moreover so sequestered from the public eye that you might approach him without reserve, as patients their physician, or penitents their confessor. A letter from Lord Palmerston begins, "I am told you disapprove . . ." and goes on to justify his action with allusions to foreign politics and the gout which, though each had a share in his behavior, would not have been used to explain it either to the public or to his friends.

The anonymity which Delane took such care to preserve was no doubt of the utmost value in the conduct of the paper, investing it with an impersonal majesty; but there is reason to think that it came from no mere professional policy but was a deeply seated instinct in the character of the man. He was infinitely receptive, and so far "anonymous" by nature that the broad columns of the "Times," filled with the writing of other men but sharpened and guided by himself, expressed all of him that he chose to express. When he left his rooms in the morning he rode about London, followed by a groom, calling at the House of Com-

mons or at Downing Street, and took his lunch with one great lady and his tea with another. He dined out almost nightly, and met frequently all the great nobles and celebrities of the time. But his demeanor, we are told, was inscrutable; he was of opinion that society should be exclusive; and his attitude generally was one of "observant silence." He never mentioned the "Times" after he had left the office, though the paper was always in his thoughts. At length, when he had stored his mind with observations, he returned to Printing-house Square, and, with his energies at full play and his staff circling round him, shaped the course of the paper in accordance with his own view until it was three or four in the morning and he must rest before the labors of the day. And yet, in spite of his silence—his broad way of looking at tendencies and institutions rather than at individuals—men and women, we read, gave him their confidences. They were sure of able consideration from a man who had infinite experience of men but, as it appears from his letters, they were sure also of a massive integrity which inspired absolute trust, both that he would respect your secret, and that he would respect, more than you or your secret, what was right. His letters, however, can seldom be said to add anything that the columns of the "Times" have not already supplied; but they are token again of the literal truth of his phrase, when there was talk of his retirement, "All that was worth having of [my life] has been devoted to the paper."

There was not sufficient space between his professional life and his private life for any change of view or difference of code. We may find in that fact some clue to the amazing authority which he wielded, for it is easy to see that if you disproved some opinion of his or disparaged some method, you

aimed a blow at the nature of the man himself, the two being of one birth. When he travelled abroad and visited towns famous for their beauty or their art he was unconscious of their appeal, but was inclined to adopt on such occasions the attitude of a portly gentleman with pretty children. Perhaps he had noticed some new factory or some stout bridge from the train window, and had found in it the text of a leading article. He travelled much, and visited any place that might become the centre of action; and in time of peace he went on pilgrimage through the great houses of England, where the nerves of the country come nearest to the surface. It was his purpose to know all that could be known of the condition and future of Europe, so far as certain great signs reveal it, and if he ignored much there was no wiser or more discriminating judge of the symptoms he chose to observe.

One quality seems to mark his judgments and to add to their value—they are so dispassionate. The indifference he always showed to what was thought of him came, naturally, from his well-founded trust in himself; but there was another reason for it, once or twice hinted in the course of this book, and once at least outspoken. The paper was more to him than his own fortunes, and, thus divested of personality, he came to take a gigantic and even humorous view of the whole, which sometimes seems to us sublime, sometimes callous, and sometimes, when we read certain phrases near the end, very melancholy. He was the most attentive observer of the political life of his age, but he took no part in it. When he was attacked he gave, with one exception, no answer. His anonymity, his reticence—no man was to take his portrait or to make him look ridiculous—are allied surely with the casual

The Cornhill Magazine.

bluntness of speech and indifference to praise or blame which gave his opinion its peculiar weight. "Something like consternation prevailed at the War Office and at the Horse Guards when it became known that Delane intended to be present upon Salisbury Plain." But could he have cared so much for the world, for politics, for the welfare of numbers had he not been indifferent to his personal share in it? or again, would he so soon have tired of the scene had some part of it touched him more nearly? Again and again the phrase recurs, "The New Year found me, as the last had done, alone at Printing-house Square," and the loneliness deepened as life drew on until we find such a sentence as this: "Nobody now [his mother being dead] cares about me or my success, or my motives, and that weariness of life I had long felt has been gaining on me ever since. . . . I have much to be thankful for, [but] I have become so indifferent to life . . . weary both of work and idleness, careless about society and with failing interests." But it would be unwise to allow such a sentence to set its seal upon the rest, or to color too sadly that colossal erection of courage and devotion which he called "the Paper"; his success only was tinged with "a browner shade" than it might otherwise have worn.

When he was middle-aged he bought himself a tract of common near Ascot, and busied himself in reclaiming the land and in playing the farmer. It is easy to see him there, looking much like a country squire with the interests of his crops at heart, as he rode about and drew in great draughts of the open air. From the clods of earth and the watery English sky he received a passive satisfaction, and came perhaps to enjoy an easier intercourse with these dumb things than with human beings.

Virginia Stephen.

THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

CHAPTER XVI.

TREASONS, STRATAGEMS, AND SPOILS.

An air of excited anticipation, half-repressed but impossible of concealment, hung over the city of Ranjitgarh, and in the Antony Hospital the patients made fierce demands for news, and declared periodically that they could hear the guns—a feat which was obviously out of the question, since the seat of war was well over two hundred miles distant as the crow flies. In one way and another it had come to be known that this day was to see the simultaneous forward movement of the Second Army, advancing along the railway from the south, and the Granthistan troops, operating from Agpur, against the position secured by the Scythian force which had captured Dera Galib Khan. It was generally understood that if the authorities at Agpur had known their business they would have thrown forward a force as far as the river Tindar, to secure the railway bridge and prevent the Scythians from crossing, but confiding in the reports brought in that the enemy were few in number and much exhausted by a long march through waterless country since leaving Iskandarbagh, they had not done so. As a result, a Scythian flying column, taking advantage of the railway from Dera Galib, had contrived to establish itself with indecent haste on the Agpur side of the Tindar, and was reported to be receiving constant reinforcements. Strong entrenchments had been thrown up, commanding the passage of the river, and cavalry scouts had encountered those of the British in the direction both of Agpur and of Dostabad, which was occupied by the advanced-guard of the Second Army. The Scythian force was thus holding the apex of a triangle, the two sides being formed by the railway

lines up which the British columns were to move, the Second Army having a slightly greater distance to cover than that from Agpur. Reconnaissances along these lines had shown the presence of a Scythian cavalry screen of much greater density than had been thought possible, and the authorities at Ranjitgarh were realizing that the Scythian attack by way of Iskandarbagh was at least as strong as that from Kubbet-ul-Haj, which they had previously considered to represent the enemy's main line of offence. The same facts were pretty well known in the city by this time, thanks to the enterprise of the newspaper correspondents. Those representing Indian papers had been muzzled with fair success, but it had been impossible to apply the same methods in their entirety to the representatives of British journals, and all the information which these, with painstaking and misdirected zeal, had been able to amass, was telegraphed back to India, reaching readers there only a day late. Hence the excitement which pervaded the seething streets of Ranjitgarh, and was reflected in the wards of the Antony Hospital.

Janie was in full enjoyment of a little brief authority at this moment. Sister M'Kay and one of her subordinates, preferring to trust to precautions of their own devising rather than to those recommended by people who knew the climate, had been compelled, very reluctantly, to go on the sick-list, with Major Saundersfoot's blunt remark, that they might think themselves very lucky to get off with two days' fever, to comfort them. Sister Lawson succeeded temporarily to the chief command, and Janie found herself in charge of a ward, in which half the patients displayed a tendency to

believe that doctors, nurses, and orderlies were engaged in a conspiracy to keep them back from their regiments when their presence might have turned the fortune of the day, while the other half were equally convinced that the same authorities wished to hurry them into the fighting-line before they were properly recovered. But four years' experience of native women and their male relations had left Janie little to learn in the management of difficult patients, and the orderlies, who had been a little inclined to reflect the contumelious light in which she was viewed by the Sisters, came to heel with gratifying celerity when they saw that she knew her way about.

Returning to her ward in the afternoon, after tea with Sister Lawson, she found three of the orderlies discussing some point warmly in the corridor outside, and as they saluted, asked them what was the matter.

"It's this way, Sister," explained one of them. "No one can tell us for certain whether the niggers have got some means of finding out what's going to happen, or not. I always heard as they could, but the corporal, he says you can't believe a word they say, and it's all chance."

"But is there any news?" asked Janie quickly. The corporal took up the word.

"I sent Private Noakes to the bazar about the extra bedsteads that didn't come, as you desired me, Sister, and he says the natives are all saying we've been badly beat. It was Manuel, the Goanese boy, went to interpret for him, and he heard what they were saying, and told him."

"A defeat? before Agpur?" gasped Janie.

"So he says, Sister; but what I says is, how do they know? It stands to reason that they can't have telegraphs quicker than ours, and what other way is there of getting news? There is no

news, for I made an opportunity of going to the office and asking the clerk there just now, so it's quite clear to me that the niggers are just saying what they want, and not what's really happened."

"But ain't it true, Sister, that they do find out things faster than any telegraph?" urged Private Noakes.

"I don't know. Sometimes they seem to, and then again, I have found them quite wrong," said Janie. "And in any case, there would hardly have been time for a battle yet, would there—even if our troops marched early this morning? We can only hope the rumor is not true, and keep it from the patients. There is no need to trouble their minds."

She went on into the ward, hoping the patients would not read anything from her face. Noting one or two things out of order, she pointed them out to the senior orderly, and spoke to some restless sufferers on her way to her sitting-room, quite unaware that as she passed out of sight a murmur ran along the row of beds, "She's heard it too!" It was difficult to occupy herself in solitude, for she felt a strong sense of oppression. The glaring heat into which she peeped from the shaded verandah seemed to imprison her like a wall, and the hum of the great city which rose up round the compound—for the Antony School stood in an outlying district, not in the European quarter—had something menacing in it. What was happening round Agpur? She looked out at the statue of Sir James Antony, the great administrator who had saved Granthistan for England in the Mutiny, and wondered if he had known this restless impatience, this longing for any news, even bad news, in the days when he labored knee-deep among his papers here, and all men's eyes were fixed on the Ridge at Delhi. She took up a book, tried in vain to read it, and manufactured an

errand which would take her to Major Saundersfoot's office. He might have heard something. But if he had, he declined to reveal it. His hair, which had of late presented an aspect of calm, was again wildly ruffled, and he was writing furiously, and snapped at Janie for disturbing him, telling her that he knew what she had come for, but there was no news. Gathering that she was the fifth Sister who had appeared, with a more or less ingenious excuse, on the same errand, she felt considerable contrition, and returned to her ward. In the corridor, to her amazement, she met Sister M'Kay, pale and walking with difficulty, but evidently bent on a tour of inspection.

"Oh, you shouldn't have come, Sister!" she cried, but stopped short, realizing that her speech must sound like that of a clerk suspected of dishonesty who objects to show his books. "She might have trusted me a little!" she thought, and then something that Sister Lawson had told her rushed into her mind. Sister M'Kay was engaged to a doctor who was with the Second Army. "Has she heard anything? Oh, she mustn't know!" thought Janie, as Sister M'Kay, unable to speak, leaned panting against the door. "Take my arm through the ward, Sister, and come and rest in my room a little. The men will be so glad to see you back. Several of them have asked after you."

Sister M'Kay looked at her with something of suspicion, but was thankful to accept the offered help, and walked slowly through the ward, her practised eyes scanning everything. Once in Janie's room, she made honorable amends for her doubt.

"You have got the ward in very good order," she said, speaking with difficulty, as she sank into a chair. "I ought not to have felt uneasy, but I doubted whether you had experience enough to manage the men."

"That shows you must have forgot-

ten the old days in Prince of Wales," said Janie lightly, as she poured out some lemonade. Evidently Sister M'Kay had heard nothing of the rumored defeat, and to turn her thoughts to old times might prevent her hearing of it at all.

"In Prince of Wales?" with intense surprise.

"Yes, when you were junior pro, and I was senior, under Sister Wallace. Don't you believe me? Shall I tell you what your name was?"

"That might be guessed by any one," said Sister M'Kay stiffly. She could not be expected to regard the nickname of "Cayenne" as a compliment either to her appearance or her temper.

"Well, do you remember the day the woman went mad in Queen Adelaide, and pulled the door off its hinges? Fairy and I were hanging on to her arms, don't you remember? but she simply dragged us along until you tore upstairs and met her just in time."

"Fairy and you? Why, you must be Jenny Wren, and I never realized it! Poor Fairy died in South Africa, you know—enteric. To think of meeting you here! Did you know me at once?"

"The moment I heard your voice," said Janie.

"Then why didn't you——?" Sister M'Kay stopped suddenly, and had the grace to blush. "I think you might have said something," she added, with distinct resentment.

"I couldn't; you were too frightfully unapproachable. But I knew it was all right, and it was only that you didn't recognize me. You had to be careful, of course. I might have been an utter fraud, and after your experience with the amateurs you were wary. But you will consider me fit to take charge of a ward now, won't you?"

"Indeed, I wonder you don't ask me to resign in your favor," said Sister M'Kay, with the peculiar solemnity which had always warned her as-

sociates in the old days that she was making a joke, and Janie knew that peace was restored. During the rest of the evening she had a task in hand that effectually prevented her from dwelling on her former anxieties—the guarding of Sister M'Kay from any one who might prematurely rouse her fears. In talking over their early experience, and discussing the fate of many who had been trained with them, the time passed safely, and Janie breathed a sigh of relief when she had seen her to her own rooms again. In the morning she came across Sister Lawson, wandering about irresolutely with a telegram in her hand.

"It is for Sister M'Kay," she said, "and I don't know what to do about giving it to her. There has been a dreadful disaster—every one is saying so—and what if he is killed?"

"I'll take it to her. We found out last night that we were trained together," added Janie, as Sister Lawson looked at her in surprise—"before your time you know. It wouldn't be right to keep it from her."

She took it, with much more apparent than real calmness, to Sister M'Kay's room, and found her sitting up in bed. She looked up in surprise at the intrusion, and Janie felt an insane desire to throw her the telegram and run away.

"A telegram? Give it me, quick!" cried Sister M'Kay, but Janie held her hand for a moment as she obeyed.

"Sister, I think you ought to know—it may be bad news," she faltered but the envelope was torn from her hands.

"Oh, you silly Jenny! What a fright you gave me!" cried Sister M'Kay, with a hysterical laugh as she displayed the two words "Safe, Writing." "But there must have been a battle," she added, "or he would not have wired. And how long the telegram has been in coming!"

"Yes, it must have been all round by South India. I suppose the wires were blocked with Government messages," murmured Janie.

"Why, Jenny, I believe you are crying! I don't deserve that you should be nice to me. Do you really care?"

"I am so glad!" said Janie, with difficulty, and she kissed Sister M'Kay's cheek and hurried away.

But if all was well with the one man in whom the nursing staff at the Antony Hospital felt a particular interest, this was by no means the case with public affairs. All through the day and those that followed, reports and rumors came trickling in, alike only in their message of misfortune. The intended junction of the Second Army and the Granthistan troops had not taken place—this was the first tangible fact that emerged from the mist of uncertainty, but the reason for the failure was lost in excited talk of treachery, death-traps, and native risings. Then the ugly word panic was whispered, and there were those who said that disgrace, and not disaster, was the proper epithet to apply to the proceedings of the day and night which had seen the Second Army repulsed from entrenchments of unsuspected strength, and the Granthistan troops, unsupported, and threatened with an attack in the rear, retiring in confusion on Agpur, only to be driven out by a popular insurrection synchronizing with a Scythian advance. True, the fugitives had been rallied—rather because there was no way of escape than for any loftier reason, said the cynics—and were entrenching themselves hastily on the Agpur-Ranjitgarh railway, but the possession of Agpur not only brought the Scythians inside another line of the British defences, but gave them the command of the railway running north-eastwards to Nizamabad and Bihet.

The rage and dismay aroused in European circles in Ranjitgarh were ex-

treme, and Janie found these feelings fully reflected in the conversation at the Thorpes' the next time she dined there. Most of Mrs. Thorpe's non-combatant guests had been passed on to friends down the country, but a nucleus of uprooted district officials remained, and various stray officers dropped in to join in censuring fate. Mr. Brooke and Arbuthnot were now both in khaki, wearing the badge of the Shikaris, which Janie inspected with great interest, and she learned that the only difficulty in raising the new corps was the embarrassing number of would-be recruits. "I did not know there were so many crack shots in all India," said Mr. Brooke. The first company was getting well into its work, and was already employed in patrol duties round the city, and the second was working hard at drill. A third and a fourth would be added—if time allowed.

But would time allow? that was the question. The extraordinary succession of disasters was producing in some men's minds a fatalism akin to that of the natives. Of what use was it to move if we always moved just a little too late, to fight if we were always to be out-manœuvred, to possess the greater part of one army still unbeaten and another only temporarily repulsed, if these were to be kept wholly on the defensive in their own districts? The antidote to this pessimistic frame of mind was the vigorous conviction that all the disasters were due to a general shirking of responsibility in high places and an infinite capacity for muddle, which was voiced with almost painful iteration by many of the Thorpes's guests. It was now well known, so Janie heard, that the Commander-in-Chief had entirely lost his nerve as a consequence of the attempt upon his life, and that this was the cause of his keeping the other commands of the First Army inactive in the anticipation

of a general rising. But the real criminals were the British Government, who had first of all, owing to their non-interference in Ethiopian affairs, given the Scythians the opportunity to surprise us, had then forbidden the execution of the scheme for repelling invasion drawn up years before by Lord Williams, because this involved the violation of Ethiopian territory, and having condemned British India to defend itself in the plains, were now withholding the support rendered necessary by this policy. Where were the reinforcements promised with so much fervor by the Prime Minister amid the plaudits of an enthusiastic House of Commons? It was understood that the fear of native troubles in South Africa was sufficient reason for not denuding that country of white troops, but by this time a whole army corps, at least, ought to have arrived from home. What had happened to it? Parliament, having voted its twenty millions, had risen as usual, though an autumn session was believed to be inevitable, and no official explanation of the delay had been offered—or if offered, it was couched in language so cryptic as to make confusion worse confounded.

The Cabinet having been duly reprobated, the turn of inferior persons came. Our scouting was defective—that had always been said; our officers failed to act together; our Intelligence Department was obviously in the habit of welcoming greedily Scythian legends specially prepared for its consumption. Our generals displayed a new timidity in taking risks, which left them at the mercy of a foe who had no such scruples, and this timidity was heightened by the fact that beside each general—like the emissaries of the Convention with the armies of Revolutionary France—rode the journalist, ready to guillotine him next day in the British press on the slightest evidence of an excess of zeal. Upon the journalist

was heaped blame even heavier than that lavished upon the Government, but while the men present were vying with each other in instances of the harm he had done, there entered to them with dramatic propriety no other than Mr. Cholmeley-Smith, very imposing in khaki and a war correspondent's badge, his cherubic face wearing a look of strenuous importance which suggested nothing so much as a small boy intent upon some specially attractive piece of mischief. As he was known to have been at Agpur, his calling was overlooked in consideration of the information he must possess, and he received a hearty welcome. It soon appeared, however, that he had come on an errand of his own.

"I want your help in rather a delicate matter, Arbuthnot," he said. "A question of great interest has arisen, and I owe it to my paper"—he spoke as if he was proprietor, editor, manager, and staff all rolled into one, said Mrs. Thorpe afterwards—"to furnish the world with the means of forming a correct judgment."

"Do you mean that you want to see me alone?" asked Arbuthnot. Mr. Cholmeley-Smith looked round upon the rest.

"No, I think not," he said, with something of condescension. "I may as well tell you that I have formed a strong opinion upon the subject myself, but when I broached it to General Harperston he was very much incensed—in fact, he became quite violent. Now I have the highest respect for Harperston's judgment in most things, but I can't help seeing that he is inclined to be biassed in the case of a man belonging to his own profession. No one here is likely to be prejudiced either in Harperston's favor—" there was a little malice in his smile, but the smile faded as Mr. Brooke's level tones assured him, "Or in yours, Smith. We will do our best to hold the balance

even"; and he ended rather lamely, "At any rate, I should like to know what you think about it."

"All right. Fire away," said Arbuthnot, taking possession of Mrs. Thorpe's writing-table, and preparing to make notes.

"The question at issue is the means by which the Scythians were informed of the intended junction of our forces in time to prevent it," said Mr. Cholmeley-Smith. A murmur of protest arose.

"I say, you know, this isn't our business," said Arbuthnot. "Of course there'll be an inquiry."

"The public demands to know the truth now," was the dogged reply; "and it shall have it from me."

"Which means, I suppose, that if we don't help you to get at the truth, a choice selection of—terminological inexactitudes—will have to do instead. Well, go on, then."

"You know the situation the night before the advance," proceeded Mr. Cholmeley-Smith, unmoved—"the Second Army at Dostabad, ours at Agpur, with the Scythian cavalry and ours scouting between us. Harperston had been in constant communication with Winhill at Dostabad, and it had been arranged that a simultaneous advance should take place the next day, the Second Army force starting earlier than ours, as having farther to go. That very afternoon it was discovered, from a prisoner, that the Scythians were reading our wireless messages. Of course it would have been possible to telegraph back here, then across to Bab-us-Sahel and Sahar, and so to Dostabad, but there was certain to be delay in getting the messages through, and who could tell but that the wires had been tapped too? So Casterton—you know him?—of the Kunji Rifles, volunteered to ride to Dostabad. He had been stationed at Agpur before he was appointed to Shah Bagh, and knew the district well, and every one said

he was the best cross-country rider in India. He was confident that he could elude the Scythian horse, but he was to wear uniform so as not to be taken for a spy if he fell in with them. He carried no message—merely the key of a new cipher very carefully concealed. Well, he started as soon as it was dark, walking out beyond the city, and having his horse brought to him there, so as not to attract attention. One or two of us walked down with him, talking and laughing, to make it look more natural. We have never seen him since, but before midnight the wireless messages in the new cipher began to come in. He had run the gauntlet successfully, and had fallen in with some of the Second Army scouts, who brought him to Winhill's headquarters. Winhill was full of fight, and proposed to surprise the Scythians by an attack before daylight. It was only putting things forward two hours or so, but it would just do the enemy out of the advantage they thought they had got by tapping our wireless. Harperston agreed, and they arranged times and so on, and Winhill mentioned that he was keeping Casterton as guide, since from a tree that he climbed to see where he was he had distinguished the Scythians working at fresh entrenchments by electric light. To get at them before the entrenchments were finished would give us a tremendous pull, of course."

"Why did Casterton need to find out where he was?" asked Mr. Thorpe.

Mr. Cholmeley-Smith smiled mysteriously. "Presumably he had lost his way in the dark. Well, at dawn we received a heliograph message, from a mosque close to where the railway crosses the road, that the attack on the entrenchments had been a complete success, and that the Second Army force was advancing on the main Scythian position. So we started. We could hear guns on our left, and

we wondered whether Winhill was in action already. But we couldn't get into touch with him, and our scouts brought word that the country was still swarming with the enemy's cavalry. When we came in sight of the Scythian position we settled down to wait while the guns pounded it a bit, for it was too strongly held for a frontal attack. But there was no sign of Winhill, and no more messages, and the men were suffering badly under the rifle-fire from the trenches, for there was next to no cover. Then the flood came. You may think it funny," with distinct resentment, "but the enemy had cut the canal-banks, and all the flat ground was simply like a lake. The men couldn't lie down any longer, of course, and when they stood up they drew the enemy's fire. We had to get back a little, towards the embankment over which our guns were firing. Of course there was a good deal of confusion, and almost before we noticed that the enemy's fire had stopped, their cavalry charged us. Some of us got out alive, some of us didn't. Those that did rallied near the guns. Then Harperston got a message, heliographed on from Agpur, to say that the Second Army force had been repulsed with heavy loss, and it was clear there was nothing to do but to retreat. Getting the guns across the flooded country, with the enemy charging wherever they saw a chance, was not exactly festive, but we got into Agpur somehow. Of course the men were demoralized—the loss of officers had been frightful—and the Tommies got at the drink-shops. Then quarrels broke out, and before we knew it there was fighting from street to street. I can't tell you what happened, because so many things were happening at once, but I know that the men who were still in hand were pitted against mutinous soldiers and the townspeople, and that the Scythians managed to capture our outpost on the

hill overlooking the town, and get guns up there, while the fighting was going on. Then we had to quit, and we were thankful there was darkness to do it in."

"Well?" said Arbuthnot. "It's not a pretty story, but the facts seem fairly clear."

"Not when you take into account what had happened to the Second Army force. They were led into a trap — Magersfontein over again — a bare plain in front, commanded in a sort of semicircle by trenches and concealed guns. Happily there was no canal that could be cut just there, and the survivors lay on the ground all day while the guns did their best to keep down the enemy's fire, and drew off when it was dark."

"What is the question, then?"

"Who betrayed the secret of the new cipher? that is the question," said Mr. Cholmeley-Smith triumphantly.

"I see. You think——?"

"That Casterton turned traitor, of course."

"For shame! A dead man—a British officer!" came angrily from the group round him, but he held his ground.

"What other solution is there, when you consider the facts dispassionately? Casterton reaches Dostabad—with the cipher, evidently, since messages arrive in it. But he must have let the Scythians see it on the way, so that they could continue to read what was sent. Then he leads the army into a death-trap, and disappears."

"The question clearly is, Did Casterton reach Dostabad?" said Arbuthnot. "Was there any one there who knew him?"

"Apparently not. But who else could have——?"

"Is it possible to get into communication with any one who saw him?"

"Yes, the 'Notice's' correspondent with the Second Army has answered my questions, and described him. Me-

dium height, sunburnt, fair hair. He adds that he had a broken tooth in his right upper jaw, so far back that you could only see it when he smiled. Curiously enough, I cannot remember whether Casterton had a broken tooth or not."

"No, because luxurious amateurs like you have never done police-court work," said Arbuthnot, with growing excitement. "Your colleague has, that's clear. Well, I don't know whether poor Casterton had a broken tooth, but I can tell you who has, and that's Alfred Brown—Alfred of Agpur, our friend George's brother."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Cholmeley-Smith. "Why, he was with us in Agpur, representing the 'Leader of Men.' Their man got killed in a skirmish, and he offered his services temporarily, and was accepted as being on the spot. He is as different as possible from his brother, will never call himself anything but Brown——"

"Can you account for his movements that night?"

"He was one of those who walked down with Casterton to the place where his horse was to meet him. I saw him when we got back to the city next day," was the triumphant answer.

"But not since, I presume? He would hardly put his head into the lion's mouth again. I haven't a doubt that he arranged an ambush for Casterton, and then put on his uniform and took possession of the cipher. He would pass anywhere as a European—not like George. But it must have required some nerve to face the possibility of meeting some one who knew Casterton."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Thorpe maliciously, "that it must be the greatest satisfaction to you, Mr. Cholmeley-Smith, to have been the means of clearing poor Captain Casterton's character—even though you were the only person to accuse him."

"Allow me to thank you for the warning," was the suave reply. "I will not repeat the offence by aspersing the name of my friend Brown, at any rate."

"Convinced against your will?" said Arbuthnot. "Well, I don't suggest that you should gibbet him in the 'Notice,' but you won't object to my warning the proper people to keep an eye on him, I suppose? He will probably be discovered as a prisoner when we retake Agpur, in the hope of beginning his old games again."

"The danger is at least remote," said Mr. Cholmeley-Smith musingly. An officer present pounced upon the words.

"Remote? You can't mean to suggest that there will be any delay in ordering up the rest of the First Army to support us and advance on Agpur, while the Second Army marches round through Khemistan to take the Scythians in the rear?"

"I am not in the counsels of the Viceroy," said Mr. Cholmeley-Smith, with extreme mildness. "I can only go upon such slight knowledge as I may possess of affairs at home. The operations you suggest would require at any rate the possibility of reinforcements, I presume?"

"And the reinforcements are promised. Where are they?"

"Not on their way to India. I think I am betraying no secrets if I say that? I can't speak more plainly, but I shall be very much astonished if any troops are sent out this cold weather."

"Except the drafts—the reliefs?" with ill-concealed anxiety.

Mr. Cholmeley-Smith shook his head. "I doubt if there will be any drafts. In fact, I should not be surprised if some of the troops now in India were to be withdrawn."

"Good Heavens, sir! do you know what you are saying? Why, in Heaven's name, why?"

"For home defence. England is more important than India," said Mr.

Cholmeley-Smith. "You will understand that this is not public property? I may have been indiscreet in mentioning it, but it will soon be known."

There was no more general conversation after that, for no one could trust himself to say what he felt in the hearing of Mr. Cholmeley-Smith, whose air of being hand-in-glove with the Cabinet brought upon him inevitably the blame of being a sharer in their misdeeds, and the party broke up into angry and protesting groups. When Janie rose to go, Mr. Brooke detached himself from one of these, and asked if he might drive her back. She had wondered whether Arbuthnot would offer his services, but it seemed to her that he had been inclined to avoid her all the evening, and now he only walked down to the gate beside the cart.

"How well Mr. Arbuthnot looks!" she said, when they had left him behind. "and he is going down-country for you, Mrs. Thorpe tells me—to enrol some more recruits, I suppose?"

"So the world supposes, but"—and to Janie's intense surprise, Mr. Brooke spoke in French—"he is really going north-east. He wished me to tell you."

"Not back to——?"

"Speak French, please, and mention no names."

"But is he going back to—where we came from?"

"If he can get there."

"Then I know why he kept away from me all evening! He didn't dare to tell me. He was afraid."

"It is quite possible. We will decide that it was so, if you like."

"If I like! He knows he ought not to go; you know it. Why, the journey alone is almost sure to kill him, and if he is caught——"

"You must remember that he will travel more safely alone than with a lady, and he will be differently disguised. The secret of the path remains his own, too. But don't think that I

would have encouraged his going if I could have helped it. It is a matter, I may say, of life and death. Our rulers have got it into their sapient heads that the Scythians in Bala are intending to pour down by way of Nicha, and take us in the rear. This fear of being out-flanked is getting into a mania. After all, I suppose you can turn any position—India itself—if you go far enough round. But of course the enemy are diligently spreading this rumor, and backing it with absurdly exaggerated reports of their numbers. Arbuthnot is to bring a trustworthy account of the force they have in Bala at present, and the possibility of their bringing it over the passes into Nicha. He must go at once, before the winter makes it impossible. And you will be glad to know that, even if he cannot get to St. Martin's, he is to make arrangements in Sheonath which will relieve

Miss Weston from the pecuniary anxiety of which you spoke to him."

"Do you mean to say that he may possibly see my Burree, and he hasn't given me the chance of writing to her?"

"He can't carry letters. Even I have not written."

"*Even you?*" The words expressed such amazed bitterness that Mr. Brooke could hardly restrain a smile.

"I beg your pardon. My claims are very new and unsubstantial compared with yours, are they not? Nevertheless, I should have ventured on a letter if it had been possible."

"Oh, of course Burree would have liked to get it," said Janie, with ungracious compunction. "But how you can let him go, taking his life in his hand——!"

"I can only parody Cholmeley-Smith, and say that India is more important than one's man's life."

Sydney C. Grier.

(To be continued.)

A FAMOUS ETON HOUSE.*

"Annals of an Eton House" is primarily a book for the initiated. It is the history of an Eton boarding-house, which grew and flourished in the hands of a little family dynasty during a period of nearly seventy years. To old members of that house, and indeed to old Etonians generally, the volume is like a miniature "Iliad." The forms of heroes stalk through the pages, among a crowd of lesser forms. The book makes no claim to literary scheme or proportion; it is a collection of episodes and scattered reminiscences. In reading it, one is confronted with the fact that, no matter how eminent the writer may be, every one's reminiscences of his schooldays bear a melancholy resemblance to the schoolboy reminiscences of every one else. The

*"Annals of an Eton House, with some notes on the Evans Family." By Major Gambler Parry. London: Murray, 1907.

points that seem to linger in the mature memory appear to be always the food, the fagging, the floggings, the awful majesty of house-captain and head-master; and when we come to the escapades, confessed with a sort of innocent complacency, we cannot help wondering whether, seen through the golden mist of years, they have not become a little brighter and more adventurous, more edged with prismatic hues, than they were in real life. After all, in looking back on boyhood, it is not really the incidents which we remember—the same and similar incidents befall us still every day and hour—it is the ardent, lively, unwearied, inquisitive spirit in which we made trial of them, and which lent them their brisk savor. The change of quality is in us and not in our environment. And even so, the book

has its charm, because it is full of the spirit of boyhood and recollected joy; moreover, to those who can read between the lines, it is full, too, of deep pathos, the pathos of *notre pauvre et triste humanité*—the plaintive entrance upon the world, the ardent growth, the radiant confidence, the brief performance, the bewildered exit. If the book is full of youth and light, it is haunted by such phantoms as Gray, in his Eton Ode, saw beckoning from the vale of years. It may seem morbid to indulge such reveries, but surely school records of any kind, written page or carved panel, are the most pathetic things in the world, brimming over with the *lacrimæ rerum*, because of the contrast between high-spirited, ardent, impulsive adolescence—its limitless dreams, its sturdy optimism—and the years that lie beyond, even if they are shadowed by no reflection more serious than that which troubled the spirit of the philosopher who, looking on at a game of cricket, heaved a sigh to think that so many of those bright boys would be turned in so few years into dull members of Parliament!

On the other hand, we have the encouraging and uplifting spectacle of character blossoming and strengthening under wholesome school influences; the timid, weak-kneed boy becoming resolute and strong by the force of an admired example; the morose and suspicious gaining frankness and good-humor in the sunlight of success; and, best sight of all, the simple, wholesome, ingenuous nature making its gracious and tranquil progress, unsuspecting of evil, unconscious of merit, driving meanness and tyranny and all uglier spirits to cover by its pure and serene radiance, and then launching off into the world to do noble and sturdy work, unpraised perhaps, and even unnoticed, but no less beneficently there; or perhaps, on the other hand, to be recognized and crowned, as the world

does crown, clumsily and almost by haphazard, some few of those who serve her and do her honor.

So much for the dramatic aspect of the book. But it has a further technical interest to the educationist and the psychologist. Here are the records of a little community with a substantial unity and a vigorous inner life which lasted for nearly seventy years. Evans's was undoubtedly the most independent, the most famous, the most successful, in some ways the most typical of Eton houses during the greater part of its long existence. How did such a community come into being? How was it inspired and governed? Partly, no doubt, it owed its prosperity to good fortune. It had in its best period a succession of boys of high character, athletic distinction, and superabundant energy. The long line of Lyttelton brothers, to say nothing of other honored names, made the backbone of the house; and it may be said, generally speaking, that Evans's was exceptionally fortunate in attracting to itself and helping to mould boys of high spirit and sound principle, without the least touch of priggishness. At the same time, even such material as this would have been wasted or spoiled in fussy or unsympathetic hands. The secret of the success of the house lay partly in the material of which it was composed, and partly in the extraordinary tact, perception, and simplicity with which it was guided.

The *dramatis personæ* of the dynasty were five in number—a father, two daughters, a son and a grandson. The founder of the house was William Evans, son and successor of an Eton drawing-master. He was himself an Eton boy, but at seventeen was sent up to London to study medicine. A year later he was imperiously recalled by Dr. Keate to act as assistant to his father, whose health had broken down. He appears to have had no technical

artistic training; but with characteristic energy he flung himself into the practice and study of art, and eventually became a leading water-color artist. He was an active, able, vigorous man, fond of authority, with a commanding, if somewhat florid, personality.

A few years later it was suggested to him that he might take a small boarding-house. He had lately lost his wife, and was feeling the bereavement severely. It was his close friend, Bishop Selwyn, then a young private tutor at Eton, who pressed the scheme upon him, partly, no doubt, for Evans's own sake, but partly discerning his real aptitude for a difficult task.

Up to that date the arrangements for boarding boys at Eton had been of the most haphazard kind. The system, like most English institutions, had grown up fortuitously, and without either design or supervision. The masters had nothing to do with the housing of the boys. They were merely lecturers and private tutors, with general disciplinary powers. Practically any one, male or female, respectable enough to pass muster, who had some slight local connection with, or influence in, Eton, and who was compelled to earn a meagre livelihood in a humiliating way, could get leave to open a boarding-house there. These "Dames," as they were called, had no direct, and very little indirect, authority over the boys. A master appeared at stated intervals to see that the boys were not out of the houses within prohibited hours, and disciplinary complaints could be referred to him; but the boys had such ample opportunities of revenging themselves upon an unpopular Dame that practically very few complaints were made, and the community ruled itself, the Dame winning what influence he or she could by tact and good-humor, or purchasing neutrality by mutual concession, or at worst appealing for forbearance on the ground

of infirmity and incompetence. The accommodation was in many cases infamous, the food inadequate, and the supervision merely formal. These methods developed, perhaps, a sort of precocious independence among the boys, and the only astonishing thing is that such a system did not produce even worse horrors and scandals than it did actually produce. The system was seen at its very worse in college itself—the cruelties and abominations of Long Chamber being so notorious that about this same date only two candidates presented themselves for admission to thirty-five vacancies, though an Eton scholarship meant, in most cases, a well-endowed scholarship to follow at King's College, Cambridge, the right of succession to a fellowship, and a degree without examination.

No doubt Selwyn and his friends saw that William Evans was the kind of man who could be trusted to give moral impulse and tactful direction to a Dame's house. Evans himself fell in with the idea, bought the premises and goodwill of a small boarding-house which was vacant, reconstructed the place at great expense, and the ball was set rolling.

A few years later he met with a serious accident in the prime of life. A fall on some rocks, while he was sketching, inflicted injuries from which he never recovered, though he lived to be nearly eighty. His health slowly deteriorated, and this eventually led to his gradual withdrawal from the active superintendence of the house. In his later years he was often abroad, or invisible for weeks together, confined to his bed and disabled alike by pain and the anodynes administered to relieve it. Yet his buoyant temperament continued to reassert itself at intervals. He pursued his artistic work, he gave a general supervision to the boarding-house, he interviewed parents, he conducted the necessary correspond-

ence. Though the actual direction and government of the house fell gradually into the hands of his two daughters, Annie and Jane, he was still a sort of brooding Olympian force in the background, the very mystery that surrounded his life and movements increasing the awe with which he was regarded. Of late years, indeed, he became so much disabled as to be little more than a benevolent and interesting survival. Indeed, the present writer, who was a boy at Eton for several years before William Evans died, does not recollect having ever heard of him even as the nominal ruler of the house, of which Miss Evans was the very conspicuous superior.

The management of affairs thus by degrees devolved upon the two daughters. The elder, Miss Annie Evans, was a high-minded, nervous, sensitive woman of marvellous courage and great insight into individual character, but never quite able to condone the faults of immaturity, or to bring herself to tolerate the boys' easy standards of conduct. Brave and effective as she was, she was also easily agitated, unnecessarily indignant, excessively vehement. But she had a true and deep devotion to the welfare of the individual boys and the community alike, and she was respected and even feared, though but few boys ever understood her well enough to love her. Boys above all things like settled and mechanical principles in those who have authority over them. They can accommodate themselves to almost any ruler if they only know the exact length of his foot. What they dislike is the mysterious, the unaccountable, the capricious element. There is something very pathetic about the memory of this impetuous, pure-souled, fiery-hearted woman, bound by circumstances to a task which was singularly calculated to exhaust her strength and spirits. Any one who deals with boys has to be

ready to make infinite excuse for superficial roughness, hasty thoughtlessness, unconscious barbarity. The only safety is to know that their behavior is not calculated, that they would not do and say what they do if they had more experience and consideration; and that one can generally count on an ultimate basis of generosity. But Miss Annie Evans was the kind of woman who could not persuade herself that the speech and action of boys was not deliberate and consistent. Yet in spite of the fact that she did not possess the simple diplomacy and the good-natured *insouciance* which are invaluable in dealing with boys, she was a real force in the house, and helped to mould its spirit; but she died prematurely in 1871, worn out by overwork and anxiety, and the sceptre passed into the hands of Miss Jane Evans, who thus was enabled to furnish an instance of that rare and encouraging spectacle—a human being precisely and exactly adapted to the position she was called upon to fill. Miss Evans, to use the familiar title, was not fitted for a subordinate part, neither would she have been at her ease in a sphere where supremacy required to be based upon intellectual grasp or subtle perception of complex issues. She would, indeed, have unconsciously and benevolently dominated any circle in which her lot was cast; but it was the dealing with boyhood that evoked her best powers and all her powers. She could exert authority peremptorily if it was needed, but she had no wish to make herself felt; she was essentially feminine, yet she was never shocked; she acted instinctively and yet shrewdly; she was patient, long-suffering, compassionate, and hopeful up to the very threshold of indulgence, but the line once crossed she was firm as iron; she had dignity, grace, and charm of manner, investing her very dress, plain to dowdiness, with a sort of appropriate simplicity.

She was outspoken, direct, frank, and tender in discourse; her serene air and irradiating smile inspired immediate confidence and friendliness. She had an abundance of mellow, mirthful, and kindly humor, utterly untainted by cynicism, which gave her both the refreshment and the tolerance which are so necessary for easy intercourse with freakish and petulant boyhood. She hardly ever said a memorable thing, but never a thing that was not worth hearing, for her whole personality rushed equably into her talk, like a stream through a sluice. She enjoyed a kind of royal precedence at Eton, which she took as unaffectedly as she took all the other conventional things of life. She was absorbed heart and soul in the house, its doings and sayings, but what she kept ever in view, at the end of the avenue, was character. All other things were but as the fruits upon the trees that drooped over the bounding walls of the way. She lived in a small patriarchal world, with no intellectual tastes and few outside interests. She had no sort of educational creed; she would not have known the meaning of the word curriculum. The point with her was that the work was there to be done, and the quality of a boy's work and play alike were to her only indications of his character and means of fortifying it.

The house had its ups and downs even in her wise and capable hands; but the net result was that for thirty-five years she was the guiding and inspiring spirit of a little society where life was lived actively and patriotically. She never lost a friend or made an enemy; even those towards whom she acted with the utmost severity would never have accused her of injustice or impatience; while the circle of those who loved and admired and revered her increased year by year. She contrived to combine a deep personal interest in the individual boy with a wise fore-

sight for the interests of the community. She shunted an unsatisfactory boy with a triumphantly transparent diplomacy, while she contrived to inspire her best and most loyal boys with a strong belief in her sagacity and judgment. Never was a delicate task discharged so simply; and, though at times the materials with which she had to deal were too much even for her insight and prudence, she was never discouraged or overclouded or soured. Her religious faith was deep and undogmatic; she had no perplexities and no ulterior motives. She never indulged in morbid regrets, but gathered up the fragments that remained with a serene tranquillity. Her method was to have no method, but to deal with circumstances as they arose and on their merits.

It would be impossible, as well as invidious, to attempt to give an exhaustive list of old members of the house who have attained distinction in different ways; but a few names may be mentioned, as showing the variety of fields in which success has been attained. In public and official life a long record could be compiled, but it may suffice to quote such names as Earl Cadogan, the Earl of Dudley, Lord Welby, Lord Redesdale, Sir Neville Lyttelton, Viscount Esher, the Earl of Plymouth, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Sir Edward Hamilton, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Mr. Henry Hobhouse, Mr. Bernard Holland, Earl Percy, and Lord Balcarras; at the Bar, the late Lord Justice Chitty; in the Church, the late Bishop Selwyn of Melanesia, the late Bishop Arthur Lyttelton of Southampton, the present Bishop of Winchester, Dean Fremantle of Ripon, and the present headmaster of Eton; in music and literature, Sir Hubert Parry, Julian Sturgis, and Howard Sturgis. These are perhaps among the most conspicuous and characteristic names in a long roll of *alumni* who have done

good service to their country in many departments of civic life.

It is natural now to ask what were the distinguishing characteristics of this community. It was marked in the first place by an intense and somewhat peculiar patriotism, an immense enthusiasm for the prowess and reputation of the house, rather, it must be admitted, than for its tone and character. Not that the latter was not a matter of concern to right-minded boys. The names of many could be quoted from the pages of the "Annals" who not only felt a real anxiety for the moral welfare of the house, but would have intervened, at the risk of personal unpopularity, to stop any case of ill-usage or petty tyranny or notorious misdoing. On the other hand, it is rare to find schoolboys band themselves together to secure what is right. It is melancholy, but true, that, among the young, organized association is more often for evil than for good. This is no doubt a primitive and aboriginal thing, based on the elementary instinct of resistance to authority. This instinct lies, it may be said, almost at the base of the schoolboy code of morals. Because it must be borne in mind that the most right-minded boy in the world, if he became aware of practices existing in his house or school which were fraught with possibilities of the worst disaster, and menaced the good name and reputation of the institution, would have a sore struggle with himself before he would bring the facts to the knowledge of the authorities; while the giving of such information, even by one who was liked, respected, and admired, would be universally scouted and resentfully regarded as infamous by the majority. A boy of high character, finding himself in the possession of knowledge of the kind above described, might use his personal influence to stop the objectionable practices, and might possibly induce

the monitorial section to take the matter up. But he would probably not appeal to the authorities unless he could be sure of his information being used with a tact and a discretion which are still to be desiderated among schoolmasters; and, of course, the schoolmaster, at such a moment, is in a very difficult position. His instinct is to act at once; it is horrible to continue to be aware of the existence of evil within a society for which one is responsible, and not only not to interfere, but to behave as though one were ignorant of it. On the other hand, by acting, it is often almost inevitable that he should betray his informant; and it is doubtful whether the welfare of the community has not, on occasions, been too dearly purchased at the cost of the happiness of the individual who desired to promote it.

It may be admitted that at Evans's this danger was greatly minimized both by the vigilance and tact of the authorities, as well as by the sound backbone of upright boys, which, as a rule, sustained the framework of the house. But it is one of the crucial difficulties of school administration, and it is hard to see how a change is to be effected in this respect.

The house then was intensely patriotic, the individuals being ready, in certain departments of school life, notably athletics, to undergo considerable self-sacrifice, and to subordinate personal convenience to the honor of the house.

Next, there prevailed a strong feeling of good-fellowship, though hardly of tolerance. Originality was, no doubt, somewhat at a discount. It was no place for emotional or æsthetic natures; it was not a favorable soil for the growth of ideas. There were, no doubt, at different times in the house boys of pronounced intellectual tastes; but intellectual tastes, in order to be tolerated, required a background of athletic success and conventional prominence.

A boy who was modest, friendly, active, kindly, and athletic was sure of respect and popularity. It was an excellent training-ground for the suppression of angularities and eccentricities, of self-conceit and priggishness; it developed a wholesome and manly type, unaffected and sturdy, patient and resolute under ill-success, and not unduly elated by personal triumph. It may be said that, in this respect, there was far more levelling up of character to a rational standard than levelling down of originality to conventional type. But the general tone was Spartan rather than Athenian; bodily vigor was far more liberally rewarded by admiration and respect than any other quality; and faults of character were undoubtedly more readily condoned in a successful athlete than would have been overlooked in a boy of high intellectual ability. The strong feature of the case was a sense of unity, a sense of sharing in the advantages of a corporate life, with the duty of subordinating personal tastes to the general prosperity. To overlook the immense importance of this would be a deep error, for the young are habitually self-absorbed, and to develop a corporate emotion among them is in itself a result which is big with possibilities of future expansion.

The truth is that the English boarding-school system, artificial as it would appear to any one who had not seen the steps of its development, has grown up spontaneously out of the soil, so to speak, and out of the conditions of social life; it is not a national growth, because it is essentially a class-product, a feudal thing, and in this lies one of the sources of its weakness; but it certainly does reflect, though it can hardly be said to modify, the tendencies and pre-occupations of the class which it professes to educate. Perhaps, indeed, one of the very reasons why we tend to regard our public-school system with such

complacency, is that it is calculated to emphasize and develop, rather than to affect or alter, the national type of character, its virtues and defects alike. And here again is another weakness of the system—that in the well-ordered state, education, in all its aspects, ought to be a conscious progress, an uplifting to a higher plane, an opportunity, a privilege, something which should open a door to larger things. But in England and in the public school this is not sufficiently the case. Boys are, as a rule, very much alive to the social distinction of having been at a first-rate public school, and proud of any athletic success that has fallen to their share; but they are not generally grateful for the intellectual education they have received, or conscious of having been brought, as a rule, under strong uplifting moral influences; yet together with this is almost invariably found a deep local attachment, an emotional devotion to the school of which they have been members, a consciousness, so to speak, of advantages gained rather than of benefits received.

It is not necessary here to go in detail into the question of the intellectual education given in public schools. It must suffice to say that it is, generally speaking, based far too much on a standard of scholarship which is to be found, and can only be found, in a small percentage of the boys subjected to the curriculum in use. To put it simply, boys in classical schools are educated as though they were all to go in for honors at the university. It is no doubt true that, with the class system and without unlimited resources for the payment of teachers, some more or less uniform theory of education must be adopted; boys cannot be taught individually to any great extent. But the question is whether it would not be better to skim the scholarly cream from the school, and treat such boys as specialists, giving to the

majority a more general and practical education. The best judges differ as yet on the practical solution of these complex questions, and it certainly would not be desirable to overlook the scholarly element; but even many who duly value it feel that at present, in intellectual matters, the interests of the many are sacrificed to the interests of the few.

And if this be true of intellectual interests it is also true to a certain extent of what may be called broadly moral interests. The object of the boarding-school system is to develop strength and to encourage the strong. It aims at developing leadership; it is in this respect a Homeric system, because it tends to use the common herd as materials for practising prowess upon. The question is whether enough attention is paid to the claims of the weak; for, after all, in schools it is not the wicked but the weak who are numerous. The difficulty, of course, is to distinguish between the boy whose weakness will be braced by public-school methods and the boy who will be demoralized by them. The result, as a rule, is that a certain number of boys get the very best of times, and are turned out strong, capable, unaffected, with all the gifts requisite for dealing with their fellows; a large majority, it may be said, are turned out typical public-school men, conventional, respectable, straightforward, sensible fellows, of a conservative and unreflective type, but able to do their work in the world honestly and satisfactorily. But then, quite apart from the small percentage who have made moral or social shipwreck, there is a distinct proportion of boys who are in a sense failures, who are either, on the one hand, purely self-absorbed and self-interested, given up wholly to money-getting or amusement, without the least sense of duty or citizenship, without either Christian or even humanitarian

principles; such boys as these are by no means necessarily regarded as failures either by their teachers or their companions, but they are failures none the less. On the other hand, there are boys who have, for want of *aplomb*, athletic capacity, ease of manner, gained neither respect nor even toleration; who have been snubbed and disheartened, condemned or simply disregarded; who have left a school entirely undistinguished, and with but few agreeable memories. Then there are boys of real originality and special gifts for whom no opening has been found, boys to whom, perhaps owing to some strain of elderliness or sensitiveness, the atmosphere has never been quite congenial. There are many types and many varieties of each type. But any schoolmaster who has kept his eyes open and his sympathies fresh will know that a considerable percentage of boys at a big public school are sacrificed to the development of the typical boy. How, indeed, can it be otherwise in a community living at such close quarters and with so strong an instinctive standard of taste, so elaborate a code of morals and manners? The question is whether this need be the case, whether there is unnecessary waste, whether it would be possible to regard a school more as a place to fortify and develop the weak than as a place to glorify and crown the strong.

But then there is a very obvious and reasonable defence for all this. It may be said with justice that, after all, school is or should be a preparation for life, and that therefore it should be a microcosmography, a miniature world, where the same principles and motives will be at work, the same tendencies and influences will have play, the same cross-currents and tides will move beneath the surface, as in the larger world. Of course, there will be a difference; there will be wise and kindly supervision and direction; older and ex-

perienched minds will warn, advise, guide, step in to correct mistakes and to prevent errors being irreparable. But there will be no artificial rearrangement of life, no over-tender screening and sheltering; the plants will grow up as in a carefully chosen and well-nurtured garden, not as in a hothouse. Those who argue thus, who defend the existing state of things on this ground, point to the fact that artificial systems almost invariably break down, because contact with the world must come some time; and the collapse for the feeble nature is all the more complete and disastrous when it is suddenly obliged to act for itself without any shielding arm to rely upon.

No one would for a moment contend that the conduct of boarding-schools has not improved to an almost incredible degree in the last fifty years. Humanity has triumphed; boys are looked after in physical respects with immense care, comfort has increased, sanitation is jealously supervised, instruction is multiplied, discipline is far more effectively exercised, yet without undue friction, while at the same time the independence of the boys, within certain limits, is guaranteed, if not always secured. Again, the type of man who exercises the profession of schoolmaster is incomparably superior to the old type; the relations of boys and masters, socially at all events, have been greatly extended, though it may be questioned, whether, except in a few exceptional instances, a real and frank confidence is ever completely established. The whole system is, in fact, highly efficient—as efficient perhaps as it is ever likely to be.

Fifty years ago a philosopher regarding the English boarding-school system might be excused for thinking it an almost incurably bad system; indeed, with our enlightened ideals, we find it hard to conceive how a system should have preserved so vital an ex-

istence through such obvious and unquestioned abuses. The task of deciding at the present time how far the boarding-school system fulfils our educational needs and feeds our public ideals is a far harder one. It may frankly be granted that, though a good many boys pass through boarding-schools without any particular intellectual improvement or intellectual deterioration, they are at least physically and morally braced for actual life. But on the other hand, there is some ground for thinking that, just as the standard of intellectual education is based on the requirements of the scholar rather than on the requirements of the average citizen, so the moral training is based on the aim of developing leaders rather than of training the rank-and-file. The success of a school is not to be measured by the fact that it has produced a few heroes, but by the fact that it has produced a large number of capable, active, and dutiful citizens. It cannot be said that the public schools do not do this; but it is conceivable that they might produce more if this were more their avowed and deliberate aim.

It may then be admitted that the chief deficiencies of the boarding-school system are three in number: (1) an atmosphere unfavorable to intellectual interests; (2) the withdrawal of home influences; (3) the danger of encouraging and increasing class prejudices. For the first deficiency, it may be said, the boarding-school itself cannot be held to be wholly responsible; if all the boys in a boarding-school came from homes in which there was a strong and unaffected intellectual element, the same tendencies would no doubt reappear in the school. But while the principle of boarding-schools is to allow the boys the largest possible amount of liberty and independence, and while a considerable majority of boys come from homes where the intellectual element is

in no way conspicuous, the tone of conversation, if not of thought, will be set by the most vigorous and unabashed section of the boys, who will naturally be the boys of conspicuous physical activity. Behind this too lies the far-reaching shamefacedness of the Anglo-Saxon, who holds it a kind of indecency to speak frankly in public or to write of what he holds most serious and most dear. But where the boarding-schools are to blame is in not having a more deliberate aim in the matter. The masters—who, after all, are Anglo-Saxons, too, it must be remembered—might perhaps make more of an effort to disseminate intellectual interests; yet the tone too often adopted by a schoolmaster when discoursing of some unprofessional subject of an intellectual kind, in which it may be he feels a sincere interest, is a gruff jerkiness, as though he were himself half ashamed of having such interests at all. Moreover it is doubtful whether the curriculum aims sufficiently at width, stimulus or modernity; it seems rather to be framed to develop accuracy and precision by stern mental gymnastic. It does not lay itself out to attract or please or win; and the result of this is that after a boy has parted with his early gay docility, his sense of duty and his desire to improve tend alike to fail him. But it is impossible here to treat this side of the subject in detail. Let the "Annals" themselves bear witness, by their unconscious frankness, how comparatively small a part the intellectual element played in the community-life of the house.

The withdrawal of home influence is a thing to which we are so much used in England that it is a little difficult to analyze it; moreover, it may be said that, in the classes where this early withdrawal does not take place, there is not a conspicuous superiority in humanity and virtue among the children. On the other hand, if one tries to imag-

ine a state in which the day-school system had long and universally prevailed, it would seem to citizens trained on such lines an altogether preposterous, monstrous, and unnatural thing to separate children at so early an age from their homes, and to substitute for domestic influences a strict, if humane, barrack system. Such a method would seem to contradict and set at nought the best and most sacred natural instincts. Such a theory of education could only be accounted for on the supposition that it was intended to produce the frankest militarism. And it is probably true that it is much more possible for a generation brought up on the boarding-school system to contemplate the institution of a day-school system, than it would be to a nation exclusively educated at day-schools to contemplate the introduction of the boarding-school. But, as a matter of fact, the boarding-school system is not, at all events nowadays, as rigorous and Spartan as would appear. The danger of withdrawing home influence is the danger of diminishing emotional motives for conduct, and that is, to boys of a certain temperament, a serious loss. It is true that in a boarding-school the emotional element is to a certain extent driven out of sight, but it is by no means driven out of existence; and it is possible that a boy whose home affections are very strong may have the emotional influences, which home ties exert, accentuated rather than diminished by compulsory absence from familiar scenes. On the other hand, granted a home harmoniously united, pervaded by strong family affection, and indulgently yet firmly ruled, it cannot be pretended that a boy does not lose by being taken out of the range of such influences, except for the brief periods when he returns to be entertained as a privileged guest rather than to live the common life of home.

The question of class prejudice is a difficult one to touch, because it is so deeply rooted in various sections of the British nation that many of its victims would loudly disclaim its very existence. Yet we are, as the Americans say, a deferential people, and have a strong sense of due subordination; the feudal feeling is so instinctive in what, for convenience, may be called the upper class—though it is fast dwindling elsewhere—that it is beyond the reach of reason and argument. The present writer once heard an eloquent sermon at Eton, when the preacher produced, with apt rhetorical emphasis and attractive delay, a maxim of conduct which, he said, represented the crystallized experience of the school life of a well-known Etonian. "I learnt at Eton," this notable personage had said, "to know my place and to keep it." No more pharisaical and anti-democratic motto could be framed; it contains the distilled essence of centuries of class prejudice. The author of the saying, if he had commented upon it orally, would no doubt have explained that the first part of his maxim was meant to reflect a spirit of modest subordination; but who is more conscious of superiority than the man who has clearly defined his inferiority? It is true that the Manchester unemployed have lately been allowed to address the Eton boys in School Yard. Perhaps this might enlarge a thoughtful boy's horizon; but unless the occasion and its significance were to be very tellingly expounded to the boys by some one whose opinion they respected, it would be just as likely to confirm them in the sense of separation. It may be true that class feeling is ineradicable and that it has practical advantages, but it cannot be defended on philosophical or rational, and still less on Christian, grounds.

The ideal system would seem to be one where boys of all classes attended

the same day-schools and fraternized both in and out of school hours; they would thus not lose the influences of home, while, on the other hand, if *savoir-faire* and the power of entering frankly into relations with other men is held to be the one chief merit of the class boarding-school, the same lessons could be learnt more, rather than less, effectively in the school where no distinction of class prevailed. The suggestion will appear to many in the light of a fantastic and not particularly desirable dream. Yet it is an ideal which has been realized in Scotland, to say nothing of America. And, impracticable as it may at present appear, there are signs that the tide is beginning to shift and stir in that direction.

The attempt has been made in the foregoing pages to criticize frankly the whole boarding-school system from an idealistic point of view. An impression of hostility is perhaps inseparable from the practice of outspoken analysis. But the writer of these pages would be sorry to end by leaving that impression. He is strongly of opinion that the best and wisest policy in all cases, whether political or religious or educational, is to see that the old runs smoothly into the new, and to be careful not to part hastily with old inheritances of worth and dignity because they do not conform exactly to the dreams of reformers. There is no doubt whatever about the grandeur and the stateliness of these great places of education, their ennobling associations, their venerable traditions, their famous annals. If these influences do not play a direct part in the development of the average boy, they at least give him a dim sense of the presence of glory and renown. There is no doubt of the devotion the public schools inspire, nor of the manly, spirited, modest, serviceable type of character that they succeed, in countless in-

stances, in developing. The two great dangers which threaten them are, the illiberality of their curricula, and the esoteric moral standard which tends to prevail, or rather to recur, among them. It is in these two respects that the parental world requires to be reassured. Both subjects are matters of anxious concern to many of those who hold the practical responsibility in their hands; but, on the other side, there are reactionary forces which exert a strong influence over would-be reformers. A headmaster who wishes to try experiments meets with opposition from the boys themselves, who are the most conservative and routine-loving of creatures; from his staff, because schoolmasters as they grow older tend as a rule to become cautious, unadventurous, prudential, and perhaps a little cynical; from parents, who are swayed largely by the unconsidered utterances of their boys, and from old members of the school, in whom devotion as often as not takes the form of an exaggerated worship of the *status quo*. Yet such men as Arnold and Thring succeeded in infusing into the schools they ruled a spirit which rose superior even to local traditions.

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There is, at all events, no doubt of one thing, that unselfish emotions, such as patriotism and national honor, are the mainspring of character. Excellently equipped and efficient as the best day-schools are, they do not produce that fervent devotion, that subtle freemasonry of common traditions, which animates the members, past and present, of a great boarding-school. The question is how not to lose that spirit and yet how to amend confessed deficiencies. If the deficiencies are inseparable from the system, then a choice will have to be made, for the problem is both complex and delicate—how to raise the intellectual tone without inducing a precocious self-consciousness; how to fortify the moral standard without developing a premature and oppressive sense of responsibility; how to direct energy into the right channel without sacrificing the sense of personal liberty; how to govern effectively, yet leave the community its conscious independence. Such are the problems which must be grappled with if we are to preserve the splendid inheritance of inspiration and tradition which constitute the essence of the public school spirit.

A SAMARITAN BOOK OF JOSHUA.

Out of the darkness of 2,000 years there emerges now for the first time into the light of day the Book of Joshua according to the Samaritan recension. During all that period a ray of light has only once broken the darkness. It was towards the end of the sixteenth century, when Scaliger, engaged on his great work "*De Emendatione Temporum*," entered into communication with the Samaritans in Cairo and obtained from them some copies of their calendar and an Arabic chronicle composed in the twelfth cen-

tury, afterwards called the Book of Joshua. Scaliger was anxious to obtain the Hebrew books of which mention was made in the letter accompanying the book. Years passed by, and in 1598 another letter came. The Samaritans had ascertained that their correspondent was a Gentile, and they point-blank refused to part with their books to Gentiles. Since then nothing had been heard of that Hebrew Book of Joshua. Scholars have spent their ingenuity to prove that a Hebrew text of the Book of Joshua had never ex-

isted, and that the reference in the Arabic chronicle was to some similar older compilation in the Samaritan Aramaic language, or that it was a pure fiction, the clear wording in the book and the letters notwithstanding.

But the book none the less did exist. Last year on a visit to the Samaritans in Nablus, it came into my hands, unknown at first by me, and without any importance being attached to it by the donor, the high priest of the Samaritans, Jakub ben Ahrun. He presented me among other writings also with a chronicle of the Samaritans from the times of the entry of the children of Israel into the land of Canaan to our own times, compiled by himself. I then purchased from the verger or keeper of the Sanctuary what also purported to be a copy of the Book of Joshua. Examining the MSS. more carefully in London, I found to my extreme surprise and delight that the book purchased from the verger was the very book hitherto considered either as lost or not to have existed at all. In the chronicle compiled by the high priest the same book formed the first part of the history of the Samaritans, and was absolutely identical with the other copy. It has no distinctive title, and is called "Dibrei Hayammim"—i. e., "The Words of the Days," the chronicle, a consecutive narrative beginning with a full description of the events under Joshua and continued to our own days. It proved to be the source of the Arabic chronicle to which the author had rightly referred.

The great importance of this find lies in its relation to our canonical or Massoretic book of Joshua. It will be shown that the Samaritan recension dates at the latest from the second century B.C.

A short summary of the contents will best explain its character. The history begins with the death of Moses and proceeds on precisely the same lines as

the Massoretic text in giving the narrative of the entry of the children of Israel into the land of Canaan under the leadership of Joshua and of the high priest Eleazar. The spies are sent to Jericho and are saved through Rahab. Preparations are made for the passing through the Jordan, the waters of which part at the approach of the sacred Ark. Then follows the description of the Pasah festival and the lifting of the cloud; the appearance of the angel of the Lord, the conquest of Jericho, and so on until the final conquest of the land; the narrative all the while running parallel with the narrative of the Massoretic text up to the end of chapter XIII. From here onwards the two texts differ radically. The division of the land among the nine and a half tribes, fully described by the Massoretic text in eight long chapters, is condensed in the Samaritan into one single. The history of the building of the altar by the two and a half tribes which returned beyond the Jordan is missing entirely in the Samaritan. Instead of these episodes the Samaritan has that of a war of the combined forces of the Syrian Kings under the leadership of a King Shobach against Joshua, and the help which he received from a King Nobah who ruled over the two and a half tribes beyond the Jordan. Wizards with their enchantments assist Shobach and they surround Joshua and his troops with seven iron walls, which are blown down by the trumpet sounded by Pinehas, the priest who accompanies Nobah. The book then concludes with the final address of Joshua to the assembled multitude in Shechem. Eleazar the high priest dies and is succeeded by Pinehas, and Abisha writes then, in the thirteenth year after the entry, the famous scroll of the law which is still the cherished treasure of the Samaritans.

The Samaritan differs from the Mas-

soretic also on other though minor points. It omits repetitions and doubles. It knows nothing of the incident in Gilgal and the removal of the "reproach of Egypt." It knows nothing of the sun and the moon standing still. Precise dates are given when various events had happened. The high priest Eleazar plays an important rôle in the building of the altar in Shechem and in the curses and blessings on Mount Gerizim. Achan, according to the Samaritan, enters a heathen temple in Jericho and steals a golden idol. His guilt is discovered by means of the breastplate, the stones of which grow dim and lose their lustre when his name is mentioned. The allusion to the fathers who "served other gods" in the final address of Joshua to the assembled tribes is also omitted in the Samaritan. On the other hand, there are added from Deuteronomy and elsewhere some passages designed to emphasize the sanctity of Mount Gerizim. Hymns and prayers are also inserted recalling the "Song of the three children."

It is impossible to touch here, however briefly, on the numerous problems and questions arising out of this new recension. First and foremost stands the question whether its text is genuine, and secondly, if so, to what period does it belong? The comparison with the Hebrew of the Massoretic Bible must set every doubt at rest. For both recensions agree in a surprising manner in those chapters and verses which they have both in common. The Samaritan has retained all scarce forms, rare expressions, and peculiar syntactical constructions of the Massoretic. (An opportunity will soon be given to test this similarity, for the text, with introduction, translation, and notes, is appearing in the current issue of the *Journal of the German Oriental Society*.) But besides this internal evidence there is the fact that al-

ready in the twelfth century it served as the primary source to the Arabic chronicler. In the fifteenth, Abulfath, who wrote his chronicle of the Samaritans under the eyes of the then High Priest, and at his command, made use of this very text. Moreover, the donor and the vendor of the manuscripts in question are even now unaware of the importance of the book obtained from them for a comparative trifle. In the isolation of the Mountains of Ephraim none of the problems of modern Biblical criticism have yet been heard, and in the twelfth century, when it was paraphrased into Arabic, no one dreamt of them. The authenticity cannot be gainsaid on the score that it had remained unknown for so long a time. The Samaritan Pentateuch itself, though preserved in a large number of manuscripts, and not unknown to the Fathers of the Church, still had remained unknown for upwards of 15 centuries or more, until the famous traveller Pietro della Valle discovered it in the year 1616 in Damascus. Nay, the Samaritans themselves were, so to say, rediscovered after a lapse of at least one thousand years, ever since the conquest of Palestine by the Arabs. Sir John Mandeville was probably the only Western traveller who mentioned the Samaritans, and Scaliger who discovered the Arabic Chronicle of Joshua was also the first to rediscover the Samaritans. But the last and most decisive argument which bears also on the date is furnished by Josephus.

The narrative in Josephus's "Antiquities of the Jews" shows a close acquaintance with the Samaritan recension. The High Priest Eleazar plays a prominent part; the incident in Gilgal is omitted. The allusion to the fathers who "served other gods" is also omitted. Of the miracle of the sun and moon standing still, Josephus speaks in the following terms:—"Now that the day was lengthened at this time, and

was longer than ordinary, is expressed in the books laid up in the Temple." This incident was obviously missing in the original which Josephus followed, just like the Samaritan; he refers, therefore, to other copies "laid up in the Temple." A final and decisive proof is that the description of the division of the land among the nine and a half tribes in Josephus is a close copy of the Samaritan. Though he does not mention Shobah and Nobah he has other legends about the Judges not found in our Massoretic text, and found in other Jewish writings.

The Samaritan text must be older than Josephus, if he used it as a genuine and reliable source. The history of the Samaritans, and the internal evidence of the text, suffice to fix the date approximately. The schism between the Jews and the Samaritans took place about the middle of the fifth century (432 B.C.). Nothing is known of the relations between the two sects down to the second century, when the feud between the Jews and the Samaritans had grown in bitterness until King Hyrcan captured Shechem in the year 128 B.C. and destroyed the Samaritan Temple. Since then, in New Testament times and later, all through the ages, no further intercourse has taken place between Jews and Samaritans; only recently there has been a change for the better. If, therefore, any book of the Bible was adopted by the Samaritans it necessarily belongs to the period prior to the Maccabean period in the middle of the second century. A book of the Bible would only then be adopted by the Samaritans if it could serve their purpose and strengthen their claim to be the true representatives of Israel. As long as the cleavage between the two sects had not grown deep the support of ancient Scriptures, recognized by both as authoritative, would be utilized, but so soon as that cleavage had gone too far the appeal to the

Scripture had lost its point. In the middle of the second century B.C. the break had become complete and irreparable, and the Samaritans would certainly no longer borrow anything from their hated rivals.

The Book of Joshua transports us back to the most obscure period of Jewish history, the period of literary activity with the Law as its centre, and, on the other hand, of Hellenizing influences, which produced an apologetic tendency. The sacred history should be without blemish. This is one of the peculiarities of the writings of Josephus, and it is equally pronounced in this Book of Joshua. Hence the omission of the incident in Gilgal and the "reproach of Egypt," and of the allusion to the fathers "who served other gods." It is also the period of the "additions" to Daniel, Esther, and to other historical books of the Bible. It is the epoch of legendary addition to the Bible, such as the Book of Jubilees, and, as we now learn, to Joshua and Judges.

One result stands out prominently from the study of this new text—that, at the time when the Book of Joshua was accepted by the Samaritans, it did not form part of a sacred canon. The only book then considered sacred by Jew and Samaritan was "The Law." They treat the Pentateuch with great sanctity and reverence. The historical books were then evidently not yet invested with any sanctity; they were merely chronicles of events. The text of these books was still in a fluid state. In all essential points both texts agree; Massoretic and Samaritan rest ultimately on one and the same foundation. But whilst the Massoretic becomes part of a sacred canon, is cared for and protected from deterioration by the love and veneration of millions, the other is left to its fate as a simple secular writing, an historical document supporting in a few instances the

claims of the Samaritans, but treated with scant courtesy and little consideration. It has not even been preserved in old manuscripts. None were seen by me, and, as the high priest writes, none are in existence. The marvel is that, in spite of these drawbacks, the Hebrew text of the Samaritan Book of Joshua should have been preserved in so perfect a manner. The isolation of the Samaritans from the world outside

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has had the compensating merit of making them faithful depositaries of an ancient trust, and if they had any message to deliver they have discharged their task with remarkable fidelity. After 2,000 years they have produced the Book of Joshua little changed from the form in which their ancestors received it. It is now the turn for modern Biblical science.

M. Gaster.

ONE NIGHT.

"Same shootin' wild at the end o' the night,
Some flyin' tackle an' same messy fight,

Same ugly 'iccup an' same 'orrid squeal,
When it's too dark to see an' it's too late to feel,

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

II.

He did think—furiously. Presuming, firstly, that Theron was a bogus messenger, the alternatives of the enemy's action appeared to be as follows:—

If there really were a convoy, and the Boers had attacked it, they might wish to increase their bag, and might have sent in a messenger with the news as a bait to lead more "khakis" into a trap. If there really were no convoy, they might still have sent in the message in order to capture the only mounted men in Donkerstad, and so obtain rifles, ammunition and remounts, or else they might wish merely to get the M. I. away, and thus weaken the garrison by its most seasoned soldiers before they attacked the place. Fitten quite felt what a thorn his M. I., continually prowling about under its energetic commander, must have been in the enemy's side. The burghers were very shrewd, and knew the nature and reputation of every regiment in South Africa. They had plenty of sympathizers now living in houses in Donkerstad, and probably even knew Fitten's Christian name,—even that he

had lost his hat! The township, though of no great strategic importance, would be a considerable prize. It contained a large dépôt of stores and a rebuilt railway bridge within its defences—an easily destructible bridge of timber. Therefore, if the messenger was what Fitten termed—with his knowledge of Hindustani—a *banow*, an ambush was to be expected in any case, anywhere beyond the outpost line. That was clear.

If, on the other hand, Theron were genuine, and the news that he had brought were true the convoy might by now have been captured, and be trekking away anywhere, or might still be holding out. In either case, Fitten judged that the great De Wet, or any of the local "fighting parsons,"—none of them beginners,—would not have neglected to place a detached commando on the road from the nearest garrison, to act as a surprise-packet for any attempt at relief.

Under any circumstances, therefore, it seemed that he must expect to run into more than a posse of the Brethren laying specially for him. That was the

first thing to look for, and from bitter experience he knew the value of surprise and position as compared with mere bravery! But that was not the end. Supposing he did meet sudden opposition, he could not retire and wait for dawn. He must push on at once, at all costs,—“brush opposition aside” is the picturesque expression,—and try to catch up a possibly mythical convoy. “Brother” had very likely already made a Little Slam. He only needed one more trick to make a Grand one.

To best meet an ambush entailed extension—dispersion; but on such a night that was impossible. Once his party extended, or even got into line, they would in ten minutes be as good as scattered all over the centre of Africa from Walfisch Bay to Basutoland, and would soon be shooting into each other. Once they scattered, also, the Honorable Aubrey would cease to be commanding officer,—he would be a unit of a company, simply a man with a rifle like any other. No; for any coherent action, he must, in spite of possible ambushes, keep his party together until forced to separate. Then every man must act for himself and must know what to do. Could he trust them to act on their own? He looked up as they stood there busy with last touches, stamping, chaffing, and grouching. They were, on a whole, a good lot of men, now almost veterans. Officer and men knew each other pretty well, for they had proved one another more than once.

Time was up. He got nearly all the men round him in a circle, and explained the main object of the night's work,—what they might expect to meet on the way. His final words were—

“Remember, if we are not attacked, there is to be no extension until I give the order. I will give orders as usual. If we are attacked, open out a bit at once without orders. Don't dismount

to shoot; but gallop, gallop like hell, straight over the Boers. Stop for no one or nothing. Men who come down and lose their horses must lie and fire at the flash, to help the others. If I get through, I shall pull up about a mile beyond the enemy and keep blowing the whistle. If you hear it, rally towards it. If you don't hear it, don't wait; collect together and try and find the convoy. If it is trekking away, hang on till morning, then kill all the animals. Section commanders will try and collect groups of men round them and take command. Do you all understand,”

“Please, sir, how must we know who 'as got the convoy?”

“If it is trekking away, it is almost sure to be the Boers, but you must find out for *certain* by daylight. Once more, remember: If we are fired on—no orders—act on your own; I shall be somewhere towards the rear, and will follow you.”

Fitten was beyond the stage of unnecessarily taking the imaginary post of danger unless it were also the post of greatest utility. In the present case, the first man to charge was no braver than the last, and the last could gather better from behind what was happening.

“Prepare to mount. Mount. Fours right. Walk march!” and the little column jingled off towards the outpost line. They were soon on the open veldt, and without any words fell into a trot, picking it up from the front. Ahead was the advanced “point” of the subaltern, the guide, the bugler, and two men. Behind, there were connecting files just within earshot of each other, right back to the main body some two hundred yards behind. After the start the commander fell back towards the rear.

The column jogged on, squelch, squelch in the wet darkness. As they advanced the soft thuds of hoofs, the

jingle of bits and of stirrups touching, were the only sounds to be heard. Eyes were blurred by rain, even ears were filled with icy drops, while bridle hands became numb with cold. Still they went on without halt and without check; now breasting a slight rise, now descending a gentle hollow, the inequality of the ground only observable from the pace of the horses and the change in balance. Then there was a check. Like the trucks of a long goods train coming to a stop, the various sections of fours were pulled up by running into the section in front. Was it something ahead? Had the guide gone astray? Had the— No, it was only a small spruit, now swollen with rain, and soon the rear of the column was closing up again in a sloppy canter.

Fitten had done his best to prepare for every contingency, had taken all possible measures to ensure success, still it was a risky venture, and he was nervous—not with the nervousness of a jumpy man or coward, but with that born of knowledge and bitter experience. Any creature less irresponsible than a monkey or less sluggish than an oyster would have—ought to have—been nervous. All the eggs were in one basket, and there was not a man there who did not realize it: to be massed together is the worst thing in case of an ambush. By that stage of the war every errand boy at home who stopped to read the war news from the bits of newspaper in which the chops were wrapped, could have told as much as this. Still, under the circumstances, it was the only way. No night-marches, with their attendant difficulties of time, space, and direction, and their sickening suspense, are pleasant, and this was by no means Fitten's first; but so far his side had always hoped to hold the trump-card—surprise. In this case it was odds on the enemy surprising them. It

seemed rather hopeless—like walking into a trap. Still the Commandant was absolutely right—it had to be tried. He could not sit quiet while a convoy was being scuppered within a few miles. To wait till morning would have been too late.

Fitten was listening—listening all he could for a single report. Well he knew that solitary shot, followed by the hoarse shouts of "*Schiet kerl, schiet,*" and then the hellish outburst of the Mausers all round. Once experienced, the recollection of these sounds does not die. Was it coming? When was it coming? If things would only begin!

There was a sharp rattle ahead, and a nervous movement all down the ranks—a spontaneous movement that could be felt, not seen or heard. Fitten's heart leaped. It was only the iron-shod hoofs of the leading files ringing out suddenly on a rocky outcrop in the veldt. No word was said aloud, but the leader was not the only man who experienced a hot wave of revulsion when the cause of the sound was recognized.

He thought of the gallop towards the enemy; the mad rush; the shouts; the whistle and smack of the bullets; the terrified animals shying off the flashes of the rifles as they got close, some—especially the Argentines—refusing and turning round; then the efforts at a concentration on the other side; the hunt for the convoy; the dragging fight and the long drawn butchery of the cattle. How was it going to end for them? Could they be cut off? Not that that worried him much, provided that he succeeded in his job of stopping the convoy.

He thought of what would happen if they got too close to the enemy's trap to open out in time, and were caught in column by a cross-fire. Stelenbosch for him! Scare headlines in all the papers at home! "Another re-

grettable incident!" "When will our officers learn sense?" "When will they take their profession seriously?" He had quite recently smelt the railway, and had browsed on old papers and knew the gush by heart. Letters of advice from half the quidnuncs in England, "Paterfamilias," "Taxpayer," "Constant Reader," and "Briton." How he would like to have "Constant Reader" ahead to guide now, and "Taxpayer" alongside himself to advise!

He had plenty of time to cogitate, for on and on they jogged, and nothing happened. They must have come miles by this time, and the noise that they were making seemed enough to wake the dead. How his fingers ached! Curse the commando that got it into a mess!

There was a check. The force was halting! He rode forward and met one of the "point," who was passing down the column, whispering hoarsely, "Mr. Fitten! Mr. Fitten!"

"Here. What is it?"

"The bugler says as the guide says as we are near the convoy now, sir. It's over the fur rise."

At last! So far so good! Convoy or no convoy this was not an ambush. He rode ahead and by cannoning into the bugler, almost short-circuited the shivering guide's earthly career.

"*Arsty*¹ there; 'oo are you shovin'? Beg pardon, sir— I—"

"Well, Theron, what is it?"

"I am almost certain that the convoy is over the next rise—eh?"

"Was it in a hollow?"

"Yes, about half a mile from here. We had better dismount and walk on—eh?"

Fitten was not yet entirely trustful, but there was no danger in this. The party was dismounted, the horses collected in the charge of about ten men. In spite of the dangers of lecturing, it

¹ soldiers' Hindustani for "gently."

was imperative that all should know what was going to happen, for the chances of misunderstanding, of some dreadful mistake, were many on such a night. As it was impossible to make the whole company hear without shouting, he collected the sergeants.

"The convoy may be beyond the next rise. Remember we don't yet know who has got it. We shall all go forward on foot, extended, to the bottom of the next rise. The company will wait there while I go forward to reconnoitre. While you are there, explain to your sections exactly what is going to happen, and wait a message sent back from me. Fix bayonets before you start. That clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Color-sergeant, when you get my message to advance, collect the company to single rank and take it up to the top of the rise, where I shall leave a man. Then try and find out where the convoy is by listening,—you will probably see nothing. The whole of you will lie down and wait quietly. I may come back or send back. If I *do not*, lie where you are till dawn, and can see where and what the convoy is. If it is in the Boers' hands, extend all along behind the hill, and start off shooting the animals. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Horse-holders will follow to the foot of the hill—this side. If they hear real firing begin, they will lead as many horses as they can in the direction of Donkerstad; the others will follow. Repeat my orders, Sergeant Geoffrey; the others listen."

After correcting one or two matters of detail, Fitten was satisfied that he was understood. The company extended and stumbled forward over ant-hills and stones towards the foot of the rise, where it halted. Fitten, with the guide, the bugler, and two men, crawled up to the top. Here the guide placed his hand on the officer's arm,

seized his hand and stretched it down below towards the hollow—"They are there, captain; listen!"

He could see nothing, but between his heartbeats, for they had squirmed up quickly, Aubrey heard the grunts, snorts and squeals of mules and the rattle of chains. It *was* a convoy.

"Bragges, give me my revolver. Loose the guide. Theron, I am sorry—it couldn't be helped," were his words.

"All right, Captain."

"Do you think the Boers have got it?"

"It doesn't look like it; but I don't know how the small escort could have beaten off an attack."

"Well, I'm going down to see. Theron, you come with me. One of you two men—who are you?"

"Jones, sir. Weekes, sir."

"Jones, fix your bayonet, and come along. Weekes, stand up here till the company comes up, as a point. Bragges, you go and tell the color-sergeant and bring it up here.

"Jones, listen. As soon as the company is here, we will crawl down and discover who has the convoy. I shall find a sleeping man and jump on him. You stand by with the bayonet. If he speaks English, all right! If he speaks Dutch, give it him. We don't want any trouble or noise. Don't stick me in the dark, mind."

"No, sir."

After a few minutes, with much stumbling and some whispering, the little force panted up to the top of the rise. Fitten again explained the direction to the color-sergeant, then he and the two men started to crawl silently down the slope. They were soon among the waggons without challenge. There was no cry of "Halt, who goes there?" no cry of "Wies da?" as they stumbled over cooking-pots, over harness, over gear. Finally, the officer butted a mule which squealed

and cow-kicked him on the shoulder. Still no challenge! Jones was now holding the tail of his senior's "British warm," and the two were squirming about almost on all fours. They heard a human snore, and Fitten's spur caught in some object just behind a waggon. He stooped gently and felt it. It was a man's foot! Unluckily the owner was right under the body of the wagon, out of the rain, not a very convenient position for—Jones.

"Jones, give me your hand. Feel this foot. When I give the word, you pull on this leg, I'll pull the other, and we'll yank this fellow into the open. Wait till you get the word, then heave and stand by with the bayonet."

As he softly groped about for the other leg, scruples crossed his mind. It was dirty, murderous work! But it had to be done.

"Heave!"

With a vicious tug a heavy man was dragged on his back from under the shelter of the wagon. Like a flash, and with the neatness which spoke well for his practice in the old mauling game which he used to play under the great elms of Rugby Close, this "gently-nurtured sprig of England's bluest," as the local paper had described the Honorable Aubrey Fitten when he came of age, was all over his man. There was a whistling grunt, for, with a foul dexterity, never learned, we hope at Rugby, the gently-nurtured one had contrived at the same moment to wind the sleeper with his right knee, and to get both of his hands, thumbs meeting, firmly round his neck. He then rolled on to the mud on one side to clear the way for Jones. That worthy knelt down, felt the heaving body, then stood, arms reversed, with the bayonet's point touching it.

"Don't shout, or you're a dead man," whispered the senior assassin some-

what superfluously perhaps, and both awaited the first utterance of the sleeper. Were it Dutch—! War is not nice, and no one knew how many burghers were round.

The tension was prolonged, for when a man is well winded, it does not matter whether his native tongue be Turkish, Taal, or Telugu, his first utterances will sound the same. The prostrate one had been well winded. This had its dangers. To the private, who was no scholar of Dutch, the stertorous wheezes that came from the gaping mouth sounded much like that guttural tongue. His superior luckily guessed as much and said, "Wait for my word." He then separated his thumbs the fraction of an inch and whispered again—almost affectionately: "If you shout, you are a dead man!"

A few more chokings, then in a voice, husky, but unmistakable, came the sign—

"Who the hell are you?"

These five words were enough. The officer got up; the private ordered arms with guilty promptness, hoping that the speaker had not felt the point.

So far, so good. The attack had evidently been beaten off, and Fitten, once the tension was relaxed, felt some compunction for the way he had treated his late victim. Being a perfect gentleman, his *amende* was as ample as it was prompt. "It's all right—I am an officer. Get up."

III.

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye."
—*Old Border Lullaby*

Let us after this moment of intense suspense hark back some three hours to this same spot, at a time when the long straggling convoy had but recently outspanned for the night in the hollow on the veldt.

Except for the noise of the animals

and the guttural clicking which represented the whispered conversation of the Kaffirs, the convoy was quite silent. At the end of a wagon, cheerfully swinging his legs, sat a man buried in a long cavalry cloak. It was raining in gusts, but No. 35,721, Trooper Ablett of the Oudtshoorn Mounted Fighting Scouts, ex-donkey-man of a tramp steamer, ex-cyanide hand of the "Deep Deep" of the Dumpers G. M. Company, was fairly well covered, and as he would have expressed it, did not "give a d—n" for the rain. The convoy was outspanned for the night, and he had earned another five bob. Not that he thought only of money, but there it was,—he was a dollar to the good. He had also fed, having but recently finished his evening meal of coffee, biscuit and trek-ox. That was the trouble! The coffee was not good, and though no epicure he didn't hanker after ration biscuit; but it was the trek-ox that worried him. They had been forced to shoot one of their animals, and the meat had that day been issued as a treat—fresh meat instead of the everlasting preserved ration. Now Ablett sorely needed the attention of a dental surgeon, and found the stringiness of the daily bully-beef bad enough; but the so-called treat was far worse. He sat clinking his rusty spurs together to the refrain of the popular song he was humming, all the time thoughtfully exploring his mouth with a stem of grass, for toothpicks were not items of the "Vocabulary of stores" kept in ordnance depôts. What the Boer *winkels*² had once stocked, he could not tell—the war had been going on too long. Of a cheerful, irresponsible disposition, nothing worried him much, and his present and quite new occupation of "fighting, scouting" trooper came all in the day's work. He had been many things on the Rand and in other parts of the world, and

² Store.

took things as they came. He was drawing his dollar a-day, with free skoff;² was a mounted man now on escort duty; the life was pretty free, and there was every chance of a scrap, for there were many rumors of De Wet raiding and burning between the Orange and the Vaal. He was happy enough and saw no trouble "sticking out." The only fly in the amber of his present content was the absence of a daily issue of toothpicks.

His occupation kept him busy for some time. When he had finally settled matters to his satisfaction, he pulled a pipe of exaggerated dimensions from one pocket, spooned up half a handful of powdered "*Megaliesburg*"³ from another, and with a muttered, "*Ikona trek-ox*," lit up. Happening, in the flickering blaze of the match, to notice his rifle lying in the end of the wagon, it suddenly flashed across his mind that an hour ago he had sat down with the intention of cleaning it. He had fired a few shots at buck during the day's trek, and had intended to borrow oil-bottle and pull-through, which he no longer possessed, from a comrade and do the job, but now it was so late. Everyone seemed asleep. Ginger Tigg was under the next wagon. He would try him.

"Ginger! I say, Ginger—eh?" No answer.

"I say, Ginger!"

"Hullo. What's that?" in a sleepy grunt.

"Have you got an oil-bottle and a pull-through?"

"Go to —! *Ikona*!" was the surly reply.

That was the limit! He was not looking for trouble, and was certainly not going to crawl round in the rain, waking up men to be sworn at. The captain was not likely to inspect arms before they reached Donkerstad in the

morning, and then there would be the wealth of an ordnance store to draw upon. He took up the rifle and sniffed at it. He could not see the fouling, but, by Gum! he could smell it—it had been in some hours. Now the regulations lay down very clearly and definitely how firearms should be cleaned. Though he had never read these instructions, had never seen the book, had never even heard of Hythe, Ablett knew a thing or two, and one thing he well realized was that the longer a rifle remains dirty the more the barrel becomes eaten away. He had a brilliant idea. He would blow out the old fouling with a shot or two, and the result of his fresh shots would only remain for a few hours before the weapon was cleaned. Better two foulings of short duration than one of long standing. After all, he was not without some ideas on the erosive action of the products of combustion of the nitro-cellulose compounds, though they were perhaps more the children of laziness than of scientific knowledge.

He got down from his seat, looked round the invisible horizon for some mark at which to aim, saw nothing, put up his gun and fired two shots "rapid" into the night. The echoes had not died away before there were oaths and shouts of "What's up?" "Where are they?" "Hurry up there?" and the clicking of cut-offs being opened, as half a dozen men came dodging up. Artistic, and instructive even to the ex-donkey-man, ex-cyanider, was the language he heard when the cause of the alarm was fully made known. When the sergeant finally stumbled over the *dissel-boom*⁴ of the wagon on to the little group, there was much talk of "making prisoners," reports to the captain. However the alarm was not generally taken up—the shots had been fired from the lee end of the convoy, and not much harm had been done. With

² Food.

³ A brand of Boer tobacco.

⁴ Pole.

Irregulars many highly irregular things occur, and such a trifling incident was quickly forgotten. Soon peace reigned over the outspan and the tattoo of the rain from the wagon roofs was once more only broken by the clank of chains and the scuffling and snorts of the mules.

But, unknown to the sleeping force, a man was now far on his way "ploughing the lonely furrow" towards Donkerstad, laden with terrible news, for though no one in the convoy close by had been much perturbed by the rifle-shots, there was one not so callous—our friend Frickie Theron, trooper in the same "push" as Ablett.

About the same time that his comrade was worrying over the partiality of meat fibre for his dental interstices as a resting-place, Theron was seated on an anthill on the far side of the slight rise, down wind of the bivouac, within hearing of the convoy, and some half mile away. He was sitting huddled up in his "British warm" in the lee of his horse, which stood tail up-wind, shivering above him. The two were quite alone in the night and the beast, seeking sympathy, slewed round gradually, and nosed about till its hairy muzzle was resting on its master's shoulder. He got up in response to this token of comradeship, and leaning over the animal's neck, patted it. He stood thus for a long time stroking the hogged mane. As his hand passed to and fro, a shower of fine spray was flung from the bristles into his face. It tickled him, and in a way relieved the tension. Frickie was nervous to-night.

By no means backward in facing danger as a rule, and by no means one of the white-livered brigade there were at present special reasons why he, an Afrikaner of Dutch extraction, who had elected to fight for the British, should feel uncomfortable. They were crossing the favorite hunting-

ground of the redoubtable Christian De Wet, also Theron's own district, and it would be specially awkward to be captured here, above all by De Wet. Theron did not particularly wish to meet any Boers at the moment. To paraphrase the reply, now classic from Table Bay to the Zambezi, of the Peruvian *Smaus** when invited to go out hunting lions—"He had not lost any." Against British, French, German, Swede, Russ, or Turk he would not have cared a button; but against De Wet in his own country, he did care.

He was mounted orderly on duty. Not altogether scout, not altogether sentry, he was simply placed at some distance from the convoy in order to be in a position to ride off to the nearest garrison or post and give the alarm in case of attack. A convoy is an amorphous mass, as helpless and slow as a garden slug, but, unluckily, without its unattractiveness. Without a large escort, which is waste of fighting men, it is dependent on extraneous assistance for defence, and is therefore a curse and a source of anxiety to every commander within whose area it drags its tempting, helpless length. This convoy, though a large one, had a very small escort; besides a few Army Service Corps non-commissioned officers, there were some thirty odd of the O. F. M. S.

Theron had done this job before;—not that he liked it though it suited his present frame of mind—but he was the local expert, and was supposed to know his way across country in the dark. Many hours had he spent alone on the veldt, and as he stood there making much of his horse, his own guerilla instincts told him what a splendid night it was for a night attack. Not sufficiently rough to impede trekking in a known district, it was cold and rainy enough to keep every

* Polish Jew pedlar.

garrison snugly under cover and to obscure an advance, and windy enough to drown all but the nearest sounds—altogether a very likely night.

Suddenly the report of a rifle sounded from the direction of the convoy. Theron started, as did his mount. He seized the reins and unslung his rifle.

Was it fancy? No, for his horse had heard it and had whinnied. "Pick-pock"—again the report rang out, and with a smack something hit an anthill on the rise just above him and sang off wailing into the darkness. "At him, too! *Allermachte!*"

That settled it. Two shots in succession was the alarm signal. There was no more hesitation. In a thrice he was in the saddle galloping smartly down a slight hollow towards Donkerstad, parallel to, but not on, the main track: that would be certainly watched by a detached party to cut off messages for relief. After going a mile, the danger zone crossed, he turned on to the track, pulling up into a loping canter.

As he rode the first mile he fancied that he heard a regular fusillade faintly coming down wind towards him. As he slowed down this gradually got fainter: when he ceased galloping the firing had died away in the distance. But in his excitement Theron had forgotten to make allowance for the thudding of hoofs, the walloping of his bandolier, and the rattle of the biscuits against the ration-tin in his haversack.

He did not draw rein till a few dim lights in the distance warned him of the nearness of the outposts and barbed wire of the township. It was not until he heard the voice of the sentry from Bonnie Scotland that he drew up. With what sort of welcome we know.

But to return to the Honorable Aubrey. The recumbent figure slowly

rose and began to feel its throat with both hands.

"Who are you?"

"Number four ought six double five two, Staff-Sergeant Sutler, A. S. C."

"Yes, yes. What is this convoy?"

"Captain Lima's, to Vereeniging."

"Have you beaten them off?"

"Beaten who off?"

"Why, man alive, the enemy!"

"Enemy? What enemy, sir?"

Fitten was stupefied. Could this fat slug of a man have slept through the fight? He dismissed the idea. "Haven't you been attacked?"

"Attacked? N-a-a-o-w!"

Fitten's mind at once reverted to poor little Donkerstad, now undermanned and probably in danger. One more question would settle it. "Then why the devil did you send in a messenger to ask for help?"

Now this was not correct. The officer commanding the convoy was the only person to whom such a question should have been addressed; but Fitten's mind was set on weightier matters than etiquette. It was a mistake nevertheless, and the aggrieved "non-com." was not slow to perceive it. As he resettled his double chin he began to think of his dignity and the respect due to his position. He was not one of your touchy men; but still, for a staff-sergeant of his seniority to be heavily mauled, winded, and half-throttled before a private, who he could feel was grinning, was distinctly ruffling. He replied in that tone of injured reproach so well known to junior officers who have unwittingly committed a *faux pas*.

"We're sent no messenger, sir—leastways, so far as I am aware of. But perhaps the commanding officer could tell you that better than me, sir."

"Fetch him."

Fitten had grasped the sense of the other's words, but not the implied reproach nor the aggrieved tone. He had,

moreover, made matters worse by sending for his senior officer.

Then his second theory was right! That brute *was* a spy after all, and had led them out on a wild-geese chase! He looked round for the guide, but in vain. He called his name with like success, and derived little comfort when Private Jones tactfully remarked—"I ain't seen him since we started to crawl, sir. Just after *you* give the order to loose him, sir!" Possibly Donkerstad was now sacked and burned! It was sickening to be fooled like this: more sickening that the man who had done it should be free! But Fitten was practical, and dragged his thoughts back to the circumstances in which he was placed. First, it was necessary to collect his own men, who were all waiting up above. What if some fool should begin to fire now?

He despatched Jones with the message, and in the course of a few minutes all his band were collected round him. His first inquiry was for the bugler.

"Where is the guide?"

"'E went orf as soon as you ordered me to loose him. I thought 'e was with you, sir!"

No shouts or inquiries produced Theron. He preferred the chances of De Wet to the chances of the trigger-finger of Bugler Braggies, and had vanished into the night, more relieved even than the convoy.

Before hurrying back to the assistance of the township, Fitten decided to wait and interview the officer in charge. The whole thing, culminating in the lack of military precautions and the absolutely undefended state of the convoy, was shameful, and demanded some explanation. In the language of the prospector, he saw trouble "stick-ing out."

Short in temper, and dishevelled in appearance, was the O. C. when he did appear and by no means grateful to

his would-be rescuers. But such is life. Retiring for privacy behind a wagon, the two commanders had a short interview. After a curt prelude, voices were gradually raised; the discussion lost its discreet and official tone, and became a straight man-to-man talk of a nature which a respect for discipline and for "conduct becoming, &c.," precludes from repetition. To the soldiers standing within ear-shot, the words in season then flung about by their superiors were perhaps some compensation for what they had gone through; but to those who did not suffer that night they would only bring pain,—human nature in its arm-chair at home is apt not to make allowances for human nature under such conditions. The interview was as short as it was sweet, and the leaders parted even more in anger than in sorrow. The rescuers turned homewards, and on the way were nearly fired on by a company of infantry—their support—which was lying soaked and silent on a small rocky outcrop half-way back.

The empty lobster tin was still sadly chattering in the midst of the entanglement near the sentry's post, when, at the grey of dawn, the very bedraggled relief force loomed up out of the rain-haze. The faces of officers and men were not cheerful to look upon, and the sentry cursed his own clumsiness as his benumbed fingers fumbled with the fastenings of the barbed-wire gateway.

The future history student, of pedantic and unnecessary accuracy, who may wish to verify facts and to inquire into the just apportionment of censure, as recorded in the finding of the Court which eventually assembled, will easily find the evidence attached to the proceedings carefully guarded in the archives of Records, F. F. S. A., Base, C. T.

FRIENDS, ACTIVE AND PASSIVE.

"He was an active friend." These honorific words are to be found on a monument of the year 1810 erected to a Somersetshire worthy. Amongst a list of faded conventional flatteries, the little phrase stands out with all the distinction of truth. A man whose friends were sure of his service! The careless passer-by till spares him a kind thought, and is set reflecting upon the difference between active and passive friendship. The words "active" and "passive" in this connection are not necessarily synonymous with "selfish" and "unselfish," though at first sight they might appear to be so. There are a few actively unselfish men and women who are not capable of any friendship which could be described as other than passive. They sacrifice themselves willingly for causes, and are often people of the highest principle. Duty and religious devotion awake their enthusiasm. Reform and charity, patriotism and humanitarianism, stir them to action. But for individuals they have little feeling. The world for them consists not of men and women, but of groups and classes. Ages ago the more spiritually minded among them went into monasteries and convents, unconsciously enabled to do so by the fact that they did not care enough for any one in particular to keep them outside. So they joined themselves to a society in which all individuality was discouraged and prayed for the world at large. But not all cause-lovers are of a theological turn of mind. To-day an enormous choice of altars is presented before those who desire to sacrifice themselves for an abstract idea; and putting aside cynicism they attract some of the best people in the world, some of those without whom the world could not get on at all.

Many of those for whom individuals hardly exist, hardly exist themselves as individuals. They are entirely unselfish; they are willing to give away everything they have, everything the world holds dear. Perhaps the alabaster box of New Testament fame is the only thing they never give. Individual ties and claims leave them cold. They conceive of "the poor" as a colossal, dirty and suffering abstraction—if such a contradiction in terms may be permitted us—for whose good they are prepared to live or die. Or some great "wrong" calls out all their energies, and not all the "rights" in the world will enable them to see it in proportion. Or they serve art as a mistress or science as a god, and their friends are nothing but potential converts or illustrations of a theory, and they are able to accept their misfortunes or removal with something which simple people who tremble at the contemplation of such blows describe very often as "courage." They are "detached," in the sense in which Ignatius Loyola used the word. They are few, but, as he said, their power cannot be computed. They do move the world, and form an eternal modification to the beautiful generalization which declares that it is love only which keeps it in motion.

This is the noblest stuff out of which "passive friends" are made. There are, of course, plenty of an inferior description; for instance, those who cultivate friendship for what they can get and look to make no return. We do not mean mere cupboard-lovers in the material sense—they must be considered incapable of friendship, however wide their acquaintance or numerous their intimates—but such men and women as desire sympathy and value new ideas, but, having no fervor in their na-

tures, remain passive when they might bestow help on others. There is sometimes a remarkable geniality about these "passive friends." They are well disposed towards the whole world, and are happy in the thought that they wish well towards all men. Then there are certain "passive friends" whose usefulness to those for whom they have a real regard has been through life nullified by a comfortable acquiescence in a wretchedly poor opinion of themselves. They have no wealth, they reflect; no special influence, perhaps no great physical strength. They have no aptitude for sacrifice, they say; they were never cut out for martyrs; and, paralyzed by a sort of humble sloth, they lose all power of friendly activity. Again, there are a few quite good and friendly people who have determined, not without a certain worldly wisdom, to keep off the stage of life as much as possible. They look on with keen interest at the struggles and successes of their friends, but their cardinal rule is not to "mix themselves up" in matters the exact rights and wrongs of which they feel they will never understand. They "interpose" nowhere, they espouse no one's quarrel, they keep on their own way always, and congratulate themselves as they get on in life that they have made no enemies, and are disturbed by fewer and fewer applications for help in any form.

It takes a great many people, however, to make up a world. They cannot be accurately differentiated under labels. Willingness to help is by no means always a measure of friendly feeling. One comes occasionally across stray men, or at any rate stray women, who do an infinitude of active kindnesses towards individuals, and who can hardly be described as having any friends at all. They have an extraordinary predilection for lame dogs, and the getting of them over stiles is their

occupation in life. Pity is the strongest of their passions, and they love to play Providence. Every ordinary person whom they see in pain is for the time transfigured by his sufferings. They do not care much about gratitude and throw away the affection which their kindness evokes. When the dog is no longer to be helped, when he can jump and run again, they do not want to see any more of him. They do not scruple to reflect that he was ill-bred, or fierce, or cringing. They are born benefactors, but they have no genius for friendship. Their charity is always sweet to receive, but often bitter to remember.

Of course, there are some born benefactors who by their own act of kindness create in themselves a feeling of true friendship. These are, perhaps, the highest moral natures in the world. They draw upon an inexhaustible source of goodness the force of which is enlarged as the demand increases. There are the "natural Christians" of the world, the salt of the earth, an essential, but not a large, ingredient in the composition of all societies.

All the most delightful people in every class and country may be described as "active friends," but many pitfalls lie open before them, even sometimes moral pitfalls, which the "passive" type know nothing about. They are sure occasionally to regret having meddled in what was no immediate concern of theirs, sure sometimes to put themselves in the wrong by standing by some one whom they liked so well that they thought he could be nowhere but in the right. Probably at some time or other in their lives they have to feel heartily ashamed of a "job" which they might have known, had their eyes not been blinded by friendship, would turn out badly, and they are likely now and then to regret ineffectually, but without ceasing, an

act of impetuous kindness which has involved an unforeseen cruelty.

Of the greater number of active friends it may, perhaps, also be said that they are somewhat bound up in their friendships. They do not set out to seek objects of benevolence, or, if they do, it is out of a conscientious desire to do right, and often somewhat wearily. It is, however, no effort to

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them to do good to those they care for. When they act for their friends they act as they would act for themselves, for it is by the alchemy of affection, and not by any principle or any abstract enthusiasm, that the strong spring of selfishness which seems to lie at the root of human character is oftenest transformed from an egoistic to an altruistic force.

THE TRAMP WORLD.

The Tramp World is the normal civilized universe seen (as it were) from the reverse side in which the gray has become blue and the blue gray. Every accepted standard has become inverted. The inhabitants are at war upon the working world; using its charity and its clumsy legislation in order to suck from that world no small advantage. They have eluded (like the inheriting wealthy) the obligations of labor, like the inheriting wealthy they possess their own exacting moral codes, differing from the moral codes of working humanity; which supports both, if not with equanimity, at least with fortitude. Occasional revelations, candid and unashamed, by those few in either of these strange universes who become articulate, reveal to that astonished working humanity the life which moves around them, among them, but not of them. Such is this most interesting "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" (Fifield), in which Mr. W. H. Davies, loafer, poet, capitalist with an assured income of ten shillings a week, narrates the record of his adventures. "An amazing book," Mr. Bernard Shaw rightly calls it; in which in clear, dispassionate language the author does not so much impeach the accepted standards of British morality, as set them aside in disdain. "I was born thirty-five years ago, in a public-house

called the Church House in the town of N——" is the commencement of a story not altogether unworthy of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," without his sincere, if somewhat intrusive, moral determinations, living amongst the aborigines on the deserted island of this "floating, transitory world." In the final chapter he sums up the philosophical advice which he would bequeath to similar sojourners in that amazing region. The most important dogma of it is "contained in the simple words: 'Never live in a house next door to your landlord or landlady'; which," he declares, "deserves to become a proverb." "Many people might not consider this warning necessary," he concludes, "but the hint may be useful to poor travellers like myself who, sick of wandering, would settle down to the peace and quiet of after days."

It is the normal world, in England and America, turned inside out, seen from the other side of Looking Glass country. From such side are examined the benevolence of the rich and the benevolence of the poor, the Salvation Army shelter, the common gaol, the Charity Organization Society, the various efforts of society to protect itself against the locust and the caterpillar. The locust, it must be confessed, especially in America, generally has the best of it. The artless and somewhat

clumsy organizations of State and city and private persons spread their simple traps of cheese or delicacies for the mouse—the mouse annexes the cheese and leaves the trap scatheless. Especially is this true in America, where wealth, easily and carelessly heaped together, is as easily and carelessly scattered. Many of Mr. Davies' confessions of American begging experiences are almost incredible in their suggestion of opulence. An hour or two in streets of modest comfort will yield, to the experienced workman, a profusion of good things—money, clothes, rich and pleasant food. Free rides by "beating" the various trains, transformation with changing climate of summer and winter from the north to the south, occasional interludes of local gaols, where the officials, being paid by the number of their captives, offer increasing attractions to those who will condescend to accept such hospitalities, offer a healthful and variable existence of adventure and repose. The companions of the road offer no despicable advantages, there is no "honor among thieves," they rob each other with effrontery, and make no assertion of chivalry or fine and decent living. But they are generous in their sharing of the booty with their companions, and possess a ready sociability which leads them to partnerships and associations of some enduring value. The two unforgiveable crimes are work and thrift: Effort and Accumulation—the gods of the working world—have become idols to be trampled on. Yet, in the underworld, the appeal to compassion is still irresistible. The cattle men who bring the living food of England across the Atlantic to Liverpool "are recognized as the scum of America, a wild, lawless class of people, on whom," says Mr. Davies, "the scum of Europe unscrupulously impose." Mr. Davies had frequently made the journey, and tells

horrible tales of the indifferent cruelty to the beasts: habitually the cattle men arrive, fresh from such degrading experience, upon a city of poverty; habitually they part with their scanty earnings in gifts to that poverty when they arrive. "Having kind hearts they are soon rendered penniless by the importunities of beggars." "These wild but kind-hearted men," says this testimony, "grown exceedingly proud by a comparison of the comfortable homes of America with these scenes of extreme poverty in Liverpool and other large seaports, give and give of their few shillings, until they are themselves reduced to the utmost want."

In America, under the expert advice of "Brum," the young novice learnt the valuable secrets of the trade. On entering any town, look out for a Church steeple with a cross, which denotes a Catholic Church and therefore a Catholic community. "If I fail in that portion of the town I shall certainly not succeed elsewhere." Fat women are the best to beg from. "How can you expect these skinny creatures to sympathize with another," is the unanswerable argument, "when they half starve their own bodies?" In begging in England, avoid every town that has not either a mill, a factory, or a brewery. But in America the gold mines are the watering-places and haunts of the idle rich: perhaps because they recognize natural allies in the other class of Anarchist, perhaps because they satisfy a slumbering responsibility and compassion in a careless scattering of uncalculated charity. Amongst the New York watering-places "the people catered for us as though we were the only tramps in the whole world, and as if they considered it providential that we should call at their houses for assistance." In such providential plenty the standards are well maintained: otherwise this inverted world might right itself and become normal once again.

The travellers are received with disfavor by a stranger, who later is smitten with remorse. "Excuse me, boys, for not giving you a more hearty welcome," is the apology; "but, really, I thought you were working men, but I see you are true beggars." In a cottage an aged laborer who had amassed a modest fortune after a life of toil hangs on the wall the shovel which he had used in early days. To these wanderers the vision is as distasteful as an image of a saint to a Covenanting assembly: a symbol of false gods.

America is the creation of an individualism run riot: the right of the citizen exalted into a religion, the communal responsibility scarcely recognized. Mr. Davies in his exhilarating narrative of living experiences can illustrate on every page the result of such a disparity. Each of these adventurers was arrested by the city "Marshal": each found the experience agreeable, and the law evaded by a genial combination of hospitality and blackmail. Seized for trespassing on the railway, they adjourn with their captor to the public-house, where the host, the policeman, and the prisoners drink together at the expense of the latter "in a very friendly manner."

So the life continues; tramping and begging on the open road, with occasional interludes of light work, picking fruit in the summer, or occupying the pleasant gaols in winter which attracted the wayfarer with rash delicacies. To enforce the criminal law, the good citizens in these little towns

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would offer large bounties to the police for the arrest of each prisoner, and the result was a system satisfactory to all concerned. "There is a long and severe winter before you," pleads the Marshal, "you would certainly be better off in gaol. Sixty days in our gaol, which is considered one of the best, if not the best, in Michigan, would do you no harm, I assure you." "We might take thirty days each," is the pleasant reply, "providing, of course, that you make it worth while. What about tobacco, and a drink or two of whiskey?" Both are immediately promised. All is exceedingly well arranged. The Marshal gets a dollar each for every arrest he makes; the judge three or four dollars for every conviction; the sheriff of the gaol is paid a dollar a day for boarding each prisoner under his charge; "we benefit by a good rest, warmth, good food, and plenty of sleep, and the innocent citizens have to pay for it all."

Some forced inaction stimulated a never entirely destroyed love of literature. Mr. Davies took to poetry as he had taken to pilgrimage and prison, selling his own production from the common lodging-houses of South London. At the age of thirty-five he can look back upon an astonishing life history, settling to rest as the hero of "Candide" settled to rest having made nothing of the world's confusion; not only occupied in "cultivating his garden," but also eager with that ultimate word of earthly wisdom, "Never live in a house next door to your landlord."

WHAT IS WASTE?

What is the effect of extravagant expenditure? Is it good for trade and employment? Has the rich man any duties and responsibilities towards his neighbors in spending his income?

What is "luxury"? These and similar questions have long exercised the minds of philanthropists and economists, and the answers given seem to vary according to the taste of the in-

dividual, or according to the wealth, tastes, and needs of the society in which the inquirer happens to live. A hundred years ago, when more capital for investment in mills and machinery appeared to be the chief need of this country, and of others where the industrial revolution was beginning, economists begged the rich man to limit his expenditure as much as possible so that he might devote his savings to "reproductive" undertakings. Now, however, an opposite view has gained ground. A school of ingenious sophists has joined in deprecating thrift with the Socialists who love public expenditure for its own sake, and with the irresponsible persons who cater for the "Society" columns of fashionable papers, and urge fine ladies to waste more upon finery in order to increase employment. A serious attempt to deal with the whole subject is made by Mr. E. J. Urwick in a small book entitled "Luxury and Waste of Life." He puts the problem, indeed, in slightly different language: "How far do moral considerations enter into the subject of our expenditure? and what are the economic and social effects of luxury;" But he devotes himself more particularly to a special form of the second question, "How does my action as a spender of money affect my neighbor?"

At the beginning of such a discussion the first requisite is a definition of "luxury." Mr. Urwick, rejecting the definitions of older economists, obtains a preliminary and rough standard by taking the average income of the whole population of Great Britain (which he puts at £200 per family), and describing all expenditure above it as "luxurious." But he does not wish to fix this strictly; in fact, he modifies it at once, and going on to a more subjective standard is inclined to make luxury begin at "a point beyond which the satisfaction of wants resulting

from the expenditure of money is rather trifling," or where that expenditure is "unproductive of anything whatever worth the effort of producing the goods consumed;" and it is clear that as a man's income grows each fresh pound brings him less and less satisfaction, and his expenditure becomes increasingly "luxurious." Mr. Urwick observes that the rich not only receive much less pleasure per pound of expenditure, but also often obtain less actual value for their money than the poor, because they take less care and buy in fashionable shops. A pound in Bond street buys less than a pound in Petticoat lane. Their expenditure, in fact, is marked by "overpayment," and this is not "waste" from a national standpoint, but only a "transfer of claims."

Admitting that much expenditure is luxurious, and in some way to be condemned, would the nation gain if it were suddenly stopped? and if not, how can it be wrong? The answer to both questions is the same. A great many industries involving much capital and employing thousands of persons depend upon making and selling luxuries. A sudden cessation of demand would make plants valueless, capital idle, and workpeople unemployed. But this is true of all sudden changes; and much of the expenditure of rich men, and especially of rich women, "has now a most disastrous effect upon industry," owing to the shiftings of fashion and taste. It remains true, however, that nothing more than a gradual cessation is either desirable or possible. Then there is the popular distinction between "wanton" and other waste, as in the dinners of Valerius or Cleopatra's dissolved pearl; and a further distinction in the kinds of thing wasted, *e. g.*, between a bonfire of bread and a bath of champagne, where the waste of things which everyone must have, such as bread,

seems more wicked than the waste of things which we can do without, such as pearls and champagne. But our author will not accept this distinction, and declares that in each case there is the same "consumption of labor-power and nature-power," except that a "fancy" price for champagne means, as we have seen, that part of the payment for it is a mere transfer of claims.

Many and various are the "defences of luxury." We are told that it encourages art and the arts, knowledge, invention, trade, and enterprise, or that it establishes a kind of "fund of plenty" for times of emergency, or that it brings certain enjoyments (e. g., operas) within the reach of the poor. Mr. Urwick rejects them all as fallacious, and he ventures to disagree with Bagehot's defence of luxury as a stimulus to others "to spare and save." Waste, one must add, is not confined to the wealthy, and our author holds that one-half of the employment given by the drink trade to a million people is wasted, and mainly by the poor. Here, although the book omits to mention it, we may see the direct injury to trade caused by luxury, for the money paid to the publican is often taken away from the butcher, tailor, and baker. But what seems to be most required just now is an economic analysis of the relationship between public

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and private waste and unemployment. The lines on which a true answer can be arrived at have been laid down by Bastiat in some of his brilliant and irrefutable essays on the unseen consequences of public expenditure, which seems to be increasing employment when it is really substituting public for private employment, and is often actually diminishing the total sum. The economic test of expenditure is whether it replaces the capital it consumes—in short, whether it is unproductive or reproductive.

What, then, is the conscientious rich man to do with his surplus income if he must not save it, or waste it, or give it away in charity? Some charities, says our author, are useful and well managed, and may be rightly supported. Other things which people *ought* to want but do not want sufficiently to tax themselves for the purpose, such as parks and picture galleries, may be provided by the wealthy. But even here there is the taint of patronage, and our author is finally driven, as a last resort, to suggest that the rich should hand over their surplus to the nation or to their city, and he even concludes that "the most beneficial part of the whole expenditure of the rich is usually the money they 'spend' in rates and taxes."

THE IDEAS OF COVENTRY PATMORE.

An admirable article upon Coventry Patmore, by Mr. Percy Lubbock, in the current *Quarterly Review*, leaves but few features unnoticed; but there is one marked and singular characteristic of Patmore's poetry which he does not appear fully to have apprehended—its unique spiritual intimacy. There are poets, such as Keats and Meredith (to name two at random),

whose felicity it is to dwell in close and constant communion with the spirit of earth, for whom earth is more than a beauty, a visible thing, a nourisher of men. Meredith, indeed, is aware of a sentient, almost a personal, spirit discovered in flowers and clouds and hard weather. He has the gift of an unusual intimacy, not merely with her readable signs and moods,

but with the inward significance of these, so that earth becomes the soul of his faith, the consolation of dark days, the luminous centre of his hope for the future.

Such a constant attitude of communion is rare even in poets. Patmore's poetry reveals it, an intimacy even exceeding Meredith's in intensity, as its object is far different. His chief communion is with the holiest of sacred things. His earlier poems, "The Angel in the House" and "The Victories of Love," are concerned with the office and prerogative of woman, the sacredness of love, and the initiation, by marriage, into the secret of a deeper and life-long companionship of soul. Illicit fervors are not within his contemplation, even not within his imagination. He sings of love the farthest removed from coldness and constraint, but wearing a white radiance beyond earth's common glow. He sings of those:

Who taste, in Nature's common food,
Nothing but spiritual joy;

and for whom mutual love is a part of pure religion. He sings of a "glittering peace," and the wonderful preludes of "The Angel in the House" throb with a passionate, calm purity from which earth's grossness has been sharply winnowed.

In form and power there is a gulf between these poems and the great Odes, but the latter are the imperative utterance of the same ardent, worshipping spirit. The union contemplated, however, is more difficult, austere, solemn—the union of the soul with God. In the indissoluble and perfect marriage of man with woman he sees foreshadowings—as expressed in the Ode "Spensa Dei"—of the greater and infinite union:

What if this Lady be thy Soul, and He
Who claims to enjoy her sacred beauty
be,
Not thou, but God?

To this high doctrine most of the Odes are tributary. The idea of marriage has for Patmore a universal significance; it is an ever-present metaphor through which the world unfolds itself to him. He hears Psyche cry to Eros:

The whole of life is womanhood to thee,
Momently wedded with enormous bliss.

He sees Spring as the marriage of all things. And with this idea of union so daringly conceived in terms of the loftiest human relationship Patmore has involved, somewhat obscurely, the idea of spiritual virginity, passing over this most delicate ground with an unprofaning simplicity. In one Ode he calls to Love's festival, "in the glad Palace of Virginity:"

Young Lover true, and love-foreboding
Maid,
And wedded Spouse, if virginal of
thought.

He bids:

Gaze without blame
Ye, in whom living Love yet blushes
for dead shame
Gaze without doubt or fear
Ye to whom generous Love, by any
name, is dear.

And he ends on a characteristic cry:

Love makes the life to be
A fount perpetual of virginity;
For, lo, the Elect
Of generous Love, how named soe'er,
affect
Nothing but God,
Or mediate or direct,
Nothing but God,
The Husband of the Heavens:
And who Him love, in potency great or
small,
Are, one and all,
Heirs of the Palace glad,
And Inly clad
With the bridal robes of ardor virginal.

There is an aspiring boldness in Patmore's attitude which may offend some. Those for whom the Ineffable Name is a threat, and whose worship

is but meant for propitiation and appeasement, cannot apprehend the ardent purity of such an imaginative devotion. And those for whom marriage—far from being, as to Patmore, a prolonged spiritual communion—is but a base precautionary expedient, and its sacrament an antique mummery, will not understand the enormous significance intended by Patmore in his translation of the idea into purely spiritual regions. Neither will those to whom the flesh is utterly anathema understand how this austere mystic, notwithstanding his studies in those earlier saintly writers who too regarded the physical as chief foe of the spiritual and ready weapon of the devil, should hymn the cunning body as:

Creation's and Creator's crowning
good . . .
Little sequester'd pleasure house
For God, and for his Spouse.

For the development of his special doctrines (for doctrines they may properly be called) he owed something doubtless to those studies of the saints. His prose essays, as well as his later poems, are touched with their beautiful fire; meditation upon their lives and memory has exalted his thought, purged it of earthliness, removed him from the grosser, darker contact. (And farther, I may here remark, passing for a moment beyond the intention of this article, to that high companionship is to be ascribed something of the personal arrogance which must always be an offence to men mumbling contentedly upon the lower slopes. There seems to have grown in him a rather exorbitant impatience of mortal errancy, a keen and painful sense of the "multiplying villainies of Nature," explicit in many of his writings in prose and verse. But it is to be remembered that such an arrogance may be neighbor to—nay, cloak of, humility,

being hardly more than an impassioned and indignant rectitude.) Certain of the poems are most fitly to be read after a chapter of à Kempis or St. Francis of Sales; while others form an incidental commentary upon the most marvellous passages of St. Augustine's "Confessions"—that one, for example, beginning, "What do I love when I love thee?" or that of the Saint's holy meditation with his mother, a few days before her death, upon the soul's absorption in God; or those exalted sentences from the last pages:

Nor in all these which I run over consulting Thee [i. e., the senses, memory, external things] can I find any safe place for my soul, but in Thee; whither my scattered members may be gathered, and nothing of me depart from Thee. And sometimes Thou admittest me to an affection, very unusual, in my inmost soul; rising to a strange sweetness, which if it were perfected in me, I know not what in it would not belong to the life to come.

Mr. Gosse has referred to Patmore's admiration of the poems of St. John of the Cross, and his familiarity with St. Teresa's "Road to Perfection;" but he points out, what it is right to remember, that "Patmore's own line in the evolution of the sex-metaphor had long been taken" before he was acquainted with the Spanish mystic. His study of St. Teresa was of earlier date, and in passing I may say that it seems somewhat remarkable that he should have known but little of the poet who ennobled his song with the inspiration of her name, and was himself Patmore's precursor in both the form and spirit of his verse—Richard Crashaw. But whatever Patmore owed to his meditations upon the Saints (whom he rightly regarded as essentially poets), his later Odes which chiefly remind us of them do but unfold, as has already been said, the conceptions of the ear-

Give me thereby some praise of thee to
tell
In such a Song
As may my Guide severe and glad not
wrong,
Who never spake till thou'dst on him
confer'd
The right, convincing word!
Grant me the steady beat
Of thought, wise, splendid, sweet,
Urged by the great, rejoicing wind that
rings
With draught of unseen wings,
Making each phrase, for love and for
delight,
Twinkle like Sirius on a frosty night!

Doubtless they are but few who possess at once the religious purity (the spiritual virginity of Patmore's favorite theme) and the poetic intensity which are equally necessary to a proper apprehension of the full significance and value of these mystic Odes. They are, indeed, poetry for poets, and Patmore himself had misgivings as to the wisdom of uttering secrets in the common ear. Mr. Gosse has told of the poet's sudden, irremediable destruction, in manuscript, of "Sponsa Dei," not the Ode of that title, but a little prose work in which is interpreted more precisely

The love between the soul and God by an analogy of the love between a woman and a man; it was, indeed, a transcendental treatise on Divine desire seen through the veil of human desire.

Patmore destroyed it because the world was not ready. All that remains of the book is the vague memory of it in the minds of those few of his friends whose privilege it was to see it or hear it read. It is, of course, unavailing to speculate upon the value of the work, but the subject was one to which the poet had given profoundest meditation, and it would have been a kind of "golden book" of those lofty ideas of his which now appear but here and there in the "Unknown Eros"—Intense Odes assuredly, but inevit-

lier amorous "Angel in the House," extending their application from human relationships to divine.

Nor, to differ a little from the *Quarterly* Reviewer, does it appear that Patmore's mystical inspiration was due to his conversion; he was always a mystic at heart. And that conversion, again, was surely, from Patmore's nature, an inevitable step. There is a common notion that a poet is likely to be wooed and won by the ritual of the Roman Church, but of any such influence there is no trace in Patmore's poetry. I am reminded in this connection of the names of two great English prose writers, Pater and Newman. The author of "Marius the Epicurean" was indeed strongly attracted, I believe, by this noble feature of the ancient worship, but did not "go over;" while Newman did, yet not at all for that persuasion. Nevertheless, while the commonly-supposed impulse was, apparently, entirely inoperative in Patmore's case, there can be no doubt that the step itself—coincident as it was with a period of intellectual ripening, or white-heat—was of profound importance to his work. It brought a dew-fall to the leaf and rain to the roots. If the only fruit had been the Ode "The Child's Purchase," in which he dedicates himself, in verse thrilled with his most intimate convictions, instinct with his profound mysticism, to the service of the Blessed Virgin, we should have been indebted to his conversion for one of the noblest of the few truly religious poems in our tongue:

Ah, Lady elect,
Whom the Time's scorn has saved from
its respect,
Would I had art
For uttering this which sings within
my heart!
But, lo!
Thee to admire is all the art I know.
My Mother and God's; Fountain of
Miracle!

ably presenting Patmore's subtle "religious metaphysic" fragmentarily.

In this note I have, of necessity, avoided mention of the isolated poems of various inspiration, such as "Departure," "A Farewell," and "The Azalea"

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which alone are a secure title to an immortality of honor. Of these, and of the more purely literary qualities of Patmore's verse, I hope to write later on.

John Freeman.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The death of Grover Cleveland is a real loss to the public life of his country. Ever since his Presidency came to an end he had grown in popular esteem. He was, indeed, in many ways a greater national power in the retirement of Princeton than he had ever been at the White House. The passions that marked his term of office, the fierce insensate contests, had died down; the scandals that had pursued him were hushed. The position of an ex-President in the United States is not altogether an easy one. Less wise than the Roman Republic, the American Commonwealth makes no provision for retaining the services of her chief magistrates after their official term is over. It is thought undignified if a man leaves the White House and engages in business or professional work; yet the Government does not pension him or furnish him with any of the means of subsistence. He is expected to lapse into a more or less dignified obscurity, to abandon partisan politics, to be in fact the only American with nothing to do. Mr. Cleveland probably relished his leisure. In the interval between his first Presidency and his second he had amassed a considerable fortune at the Bar. After four years of bitter and ceaseless bickerings, to rest in the shade of Princeton University could not have been other than grateful. The country appeared to have forgotten him months before his successor was inaugurated. The tempestuous rise of Mr. Bryan,

and the domination of the Democratic Party by the very elements whom he had consistently fought, contributed to Mr. Cleveland's eclipse. Hated by his own party, and with his genuine services to the nation still unrecognized by the masses, the ex-President found in the New Jersey townlet an asylum which neither he nor anyone else seemed anxious to disturb. But gradually the inevitable reaction set in. Men began to admit that Mr. Cleveland had been unreasonably disparaged. They remembered that he had stood like a rock against the Free Silver madness. They recalled his firmness at the time of the Chicago strikes, the rough but effective courage with which he had saved the country from bankruptcy, his unyielding opposition to the pension-hunters, the fearlessness with which he confronted and finally shattered his party rather than yield a point of honor.

To be wantonly assailed is usually to incur the yet severer penalty of being wantonly praised. The first fate was Mr. Cleveland's; the second he escaped. A man of principle and constancy may do pretty much as he likes; he is certain to find his acts and his opinions condoned for the sake of his honesty. A kindly interest in the retired ex-President began to grow up. His fishing and duck-shooting expeditions, the target in other days for many scandalous insinuations, became, like Gladstone's wood-chopping, a theme of almost affectionate comment. The pa-

pers developed the habit of sending their reporters to Princeton whenever a subject of social or political moment cropped up; and Mr. Cleveland repaid their attentions with utterances of strong, homely common-sense. The multiplying revelations of political and commercial wrong-doing emphasized by contrast the stalwartness of the ex-President's character. Whatever his defects of manner and temper, Cleveland, men said, was a man one could trust. His recovery of the national confidence went so far that, had he chosen, it is not improbable that he might have received the Democratic nomination in 1904. It was in that year that he published a vigorous but none too readable defence of some of the most challenged acts of his Presidency; and its effect was to deepen the impression of his single-mindedness and his utter scorn for the temporizing expediences of the mere politician. The "sage of Princeton" was repaired to as a national oracle. It was felt that his words would represent the sober second thought of the country. When the insurance scandals were unearthed nothing did more to re-establish the prestige of one of the offending companies than Mr. Cleveland's acceptance of a trusteeship. I was told by a Socialist, when revisiting America two years ago, that Mr. Cleveland was the best-hated man in the country. No single statement could have given me a clearer idea of the gulf that separates Socialist opinions from those of the average man. One could not, in 1906, spend a week in any part of the United States or in any company without realizing that Grover Cleveland was little less than a national hero, that he had silenced his detractors, and that the esteem and confidence in which he was held were practically universal.

His career was one that would have been impossible outside of America.

Three years raised him from an unknown provincial lawyer to be, first Governor of the State of New York, and then President of the United States. His education was of the simplest. The formal part of it was over by the time he was fifteen. In the ordinary sense of the word he was not an educated man; the intellectual and artistic side of him remained to the end absolutely undeveloped, and his knowledge of books, of science, of sculpture and painting and music was simply a series of gaps. Even his feeling for Nature—and as a fisherman he had a feeling for Nature—was little less rudimentary than his feeling for a symphony. He had no tastes or recreations of any kind beyond fishing and shooting, and in all the niceties of social intercourse, the drawing-room conventions, the small points of behavior, he was totally unversed. His favorite diversion up to his forty-fifth year was playing backgammon in the back room of a Buffalo beer-garden. But a certain coarse insensitiveness went hand in hand in Mr. Cleveland with an extraordinary force of character. When his mind was made up, he was the most immovable of men. His broad projecting forehead, his executive nose, the firm lines of the mouth and chin, and the square bulldog set of the shoulders and neck, all indicated at once an illimitable capacity for work. Cleveland indeed worked too hard; he was too conscientious. He tried to get to the bottom of everything; he could take nothing for granted; it was only with infinite difficulty and after many years in office that he came to distinguish between the essential and the non-essential in the administrative routine. He was a last-ditch fighter, with a tenacity and will-power that far surpassed those of Mr. Roosevelt. His union of an alert business-like mind with a pachydermatous disposition served him well. It enabled

him to serve his country well on three or four crucial occasions and to preserve a fine front of imperviousness in the face of unmeasured abuse, the desertion of friends, and the confusion of the public mind. He hated shams and dishonesty and the ordinary tricks and pretences of politics with an honest and wholesale hatred. Time and again he flung immediate popularity to the winds in order to do what he had con-

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vinced himself was the right thing. His methods were always those of the frontal attack. He had not the subtlety to try and circumvent obstacles; he flung himself upon them and crashed through them, heedless of personal risks, solely intent upon reaching the goal. Strong, unimaginative, tactless, narrow, and indomitable, he has left behind him a name equally synonymous with courage and public duty.

Sydney Brooks.

ABOUT THOSE FLIES.

It is funny when you're very big what lots of things you find
Aren't the same as what you heard when you were small;
Just for instance, how they always told us that it wasn't kind
When we tried to squash the flies against the wall.

Now the papers say the Grown-ups want to start a dreadful
war

On those very flies we knew we ought to kill;
And if only we had done it years and years and years before,
There would never have been anybody ill!

All the whooping-cough and measles, mumps and scarlet fever
too,

And the chicken-pox, they learn with great surprise,
Would have never found their way to little children as they do
If they'd only let the Baby kill the flies.

But whenever dumpy fingers wandered up or down the pane,

Just where a lovely fly was on the crawl,
Someone cried out: "Baby! Baby! You are doing it again!"

But the baby was the wisest, after all!

Punch.

FLOWER GROUPING.*

During the last four hundred years in England one fashion in the art of gardening has succeeded another in regular sequence. The small "enrayled" beds of Tudor times passed to the more spacious gardens of Elizabeth, then the clipped formality of Dutch gardens, which next appeared, was as quickly reversed for the school of landscape gardening. Just as complete has been the change from the gawdy bedding-out of the early Victorian type to the artistic flower grouping of to-day. The fashion has been growing in popularity very rapidly during the last ten years, and the amount of literature, both good and bad, on the subject has increased with equally rapid strides. The charming volume, full of pleasing pictures and suggestive notes, by Miss Margaret Waterfield and eleven contributors cannot fail to be popular with the modern school of amateur gardeners who affect this style; and Miss Jekyll's works, richly illustrated by photographs, always find ready readers. In a light and easy manner, and happily without dragging in matter foreign to the subject, which is so often done in professedly gardening books, several attractive effects are described in words as well as in illustrations.

There is much that might be of practical help to inexperienced gardeners in these pages, and lady amateurs who are content with a superficial knowledge of the subject will find useful hints among some of the recommendations which would be superfluous in works intended to appeal to really scientific gardeners. Miss Waterfield's

book will be of more use to the owners of large gardens and long purses than to more humble competitors. Many of the plants suggested for producing a glow of color are not yet plentiful or they are costly. "Albatross," "King Alfred" or "Seagull" among Daffodils for instance cannot be planted lavishly by every one. Apart from the use of special and expensive plants, the treatment of others is for the most part on rather a princely scale. Some flowers are recommended "if grown in sufficient quantities" which old-fashioned gardeners were content to see represented by one or two specimens. This kind of prodigal planting is, however, a necessity of the modern school. It is only a transference of allegiance from one type of plant to another. The labor and expense of grouping huge masses of Iris, Delphinium or Tritoma, or of planting whole fields of crocus, is not nearly so great as the bedding-out of row upon row of scarlet geraniums, and in reading the pages of flower books of to-day this must be borne in mind. Miss Jekyll takes her reader once more sympathetically round her own garden, which is already familiar to most lovers of flowers. The photographs are charming, and, studied in conjunction with the plans, instructive; but there is considerable repetition in the letterpress. Every gardener has profound respect for Miss Jekyll's great knowledge, perfect good taste and wide experience, and it is somewhat of a disappointment to put down a book by her feeling one has learnt but little that is new or practical, when one knows what stores of knowledge she has to draw upon.

The reader remains in Surrey with Miss Jekyll, but Miss Waterfield takes one further afield to the favored dis-

* "*Flower Grouping: Sketches in Color and Notes in English, Scotch and Irish Gardens.*" By Margaret Waterfield and others. London: Dent. 1907. 21s. net.

"*Color in the Flower Garden.*" By Gertrude Jekyll. The "Country Life Library." London: Newnes. 1908. 12s. 6d. net.

tricts of Cornwall, Ireland, and the West of Scotland, and many of the effects which receive a large measure of praise could not be obtained in colder parts. The planting of a long line of *Zauschneria californica* might lead to bitter disappointment in many places, although the mention of it in "Notes on a Sheltered Garden" after *Aubrietias* and such-like is not prefaced by any warning of its want of hardiness. The tropical tangles in some of the Irish and Cornish gardens, such as is shown in the view of "Auratum lily, Cordyline and White Heather," or that of the "*Embothrium coccineum*," must stir a feeling of envy in the possessors of more prosaic gardens. The dainty sprays of *Sparaxis pulcherrima* with the background of mountains is another of the charming but almost unattainable contrasts. Many effects, however, are within the reach of most gardeners.

Among so many pretty illustrations it is difficult to select the best, but the photographs of the "gray borders" and those of spring flowers are very attractive. One of the most taking pictures in Miss Waterfield's book is that of the conspicuous group of peach-trees with vivid pink blossoms which delight thousands of visitors to Kew Gardens every spring. The drawing of most of the flowers is accurate, particularly the *Montbretias*, Darwin tulips, *Romneya coulteri*, *Campanula pyramidalis*, and *Ipomœa rubro-cœrulea*, but the roses are not successful. "Fortune's Yellow"

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does not appear the shade one usually associates with the rose, and the "monthly rose Felleberg" is flat and wanting in tone and variety. But for the most part the coloring is true to nature and effects not exaggerated, even in such striking ones as "*Solanum crispum*," with Ghent azaleas looking like a sunset sky behind it. The notes from the various contributors, each specially qualified to deal with one particular subject, are a great addition to the book. Irish notes by the Hon. Emily Lawless are fresh and characteristic, and the fragment by E. V. B. is, like everything from her pen, pleasant reading. Both these books can be commended to the keen amateur and the lady gardener who gardens in the truly modern style, with great enthusiasm, a thirst for striking coloring, and who plans to produce brilliant pictures. Those with whom gardening was a hobby thirty years ago, who treasured their own special rare plants with devotion and left the rest to the gardener, would be rather lost amid the hosts of new-comers, talked of already as old familiar flowers, dazzled by the thought of carpets of *Chionodoxas* or large masses of *Heucheras*, and puzzled by the idea of borders devoted to but one season of the year, and whole gardens given up to one particular color. These books should be warmly welcomed by those who aspire to keep pace with fashion in the gardening world, although they do not add any new material to horticultural knowledge.

Alicia M. Cecil.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The title of Mr. Theodore Roberts's latest story, which was reviewed in *The Living Age* for July 4th, is "Captain Love." L. C. Page & Co. are the publishers.

Charles Dickens's "A Child's History of England" and "American Notes and Pictures from Italy" appear in Everyman's Library, in the red garb of fiction, in order that the edition of his

writings may wear a uniform aspect. To both volumes, moreover, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton furnishes introductions which are bright, diverting and whimsical. E. P. Dutton & Co.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce that Captain Roald Amundsen's "The Northwest Passage" will be ready about the 1st of September. It is in two octavo volumes, fully illustrated, and promises to be one of the most important books of the year. That it should have fallen to the lot of half a dozen hardy men, sailing in a converted herring boat of 47 tons register, to achieve the long-dreamed of northwest passage, is one of the marvels of the history of discovery. Advance notices of the book indicate that Captain Amundsen, who led this enterprise, is a graphic narrator as well as a daring navigator.

Between Lord Cromer and the Egyptian Nationalists, the market for Egyptian fiction is assured for a time at least, and without any such adventitious aid, "The Last Egyptian," an anonymous novel, would not lack readers for it is a treasure story, and the treasure is impossibly vast; it is a feud story and the feud is prolonged from generation to generation; and it has a villain who believes himself to be the last of the legitimate line of Egyptian monarchs, and a dragoman of superlative skill in lying. To all these attractions the book adds that of being well-written and of keeping the reader in uncertainty almost to its last page. Its author's hand appears to be long practised, but his conception of an English gentleman, as exhibited in the person of his hero, would be accepted nowhere except in the Clan-na-Gael. Gentlemen do not kick a strange Egyptian whom they find lying asleep in the desert sand. Edward Stern & Co.

Sentimentality is not the weakness of Mr. Richard D. Ware, and his "In

the Woods and on the Shore" may be read without fear of encountering doleful lamentations over the wickedness of using a gun on wild animals and birds in order to obtain food and skins, instead of paying a fellow-creature to use knife, or axe, on tame creatures for similar purposes. The book is a simple, manly chronicle of a successful hunter and angler. Caribou in Newfoundland, shore birds, from the Magdalen Islands to Monomoy, bears, most admirable, blueberry fed bears!—trout, and again moose in New Brunswick have been the object of Mr. Ware's pursuit, and its results are entirely credible, and creditable to his self-restraint as a true sportsman. These qualities, however, although they would make the book acceptable to other hunters, might leave cold those who call for subjects less material, but Mr. Ware is not one of those hunters whose range of vision is no wider than the flight of his shot. He sees the antlers gleaming silver in the moonlight against the black forest and the glittering water; he sees the pink flush of morning reflected in the wet beach sand; he notes the vivid blue of Upsalquitch half hidden among the hills; he feels the thrill that follows the beating of swift wings in the darkness; the shock of the dying bear's groaning bellow; the joy of the solitary beaver playing in his own lake and he makes the reader feel them. Indeed, he so graphically depicts the upward leap of a dying moose that one feels perfectly sure that half the moose killed in the next season will die in the same way when their story is told about the camp fire. Lastly, Mr. Charles Livingstone Bull has drawn that moose, and to a few other pictures and decorations by him Mr. Ware has added a large number of photographs, many of excellent quality, and the publishers have given an appropriate cover. L. C. Page & Co.